

CLOSE READING THE SELF-ITCHINESS POETRY MACHINE
Jim Leftwich

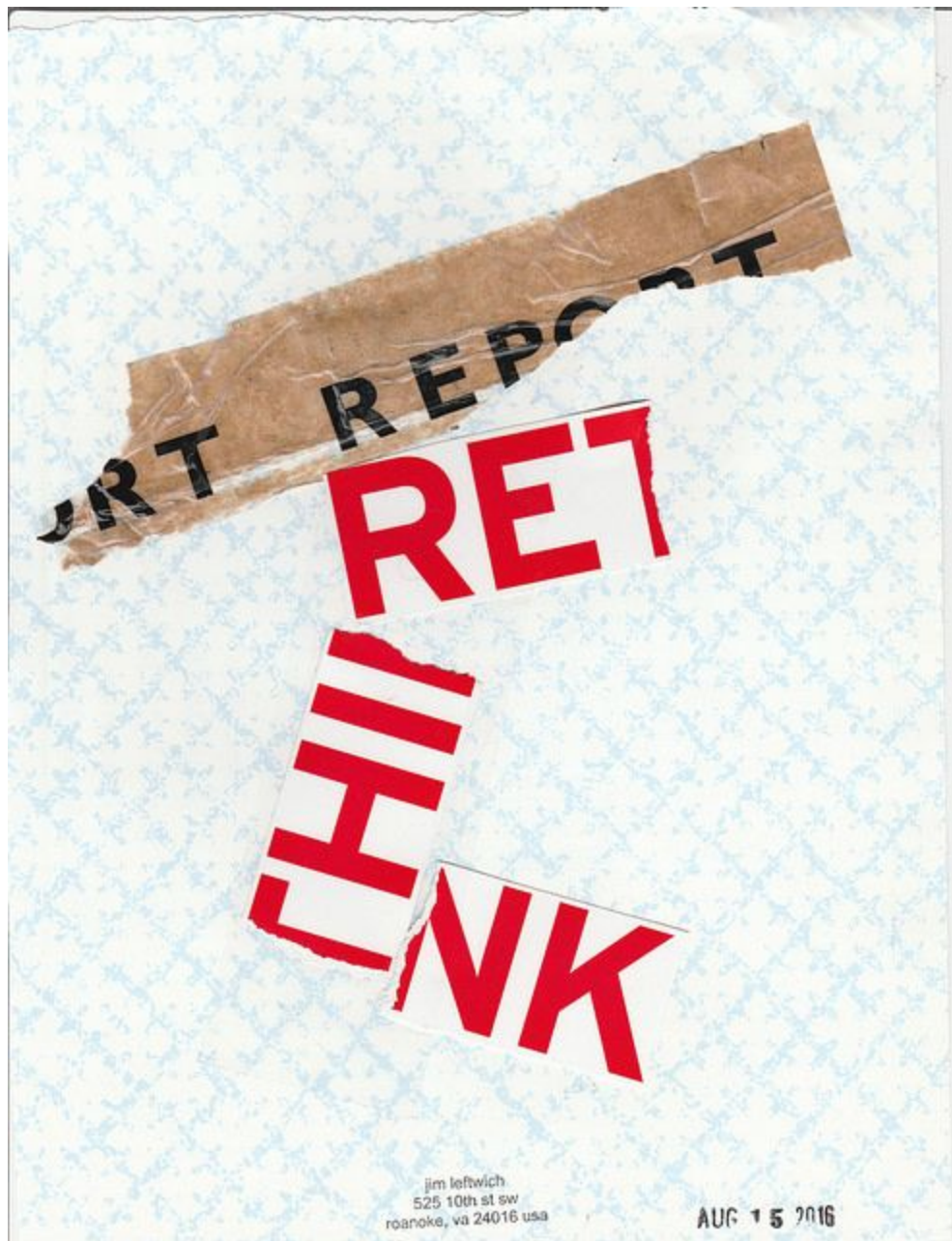


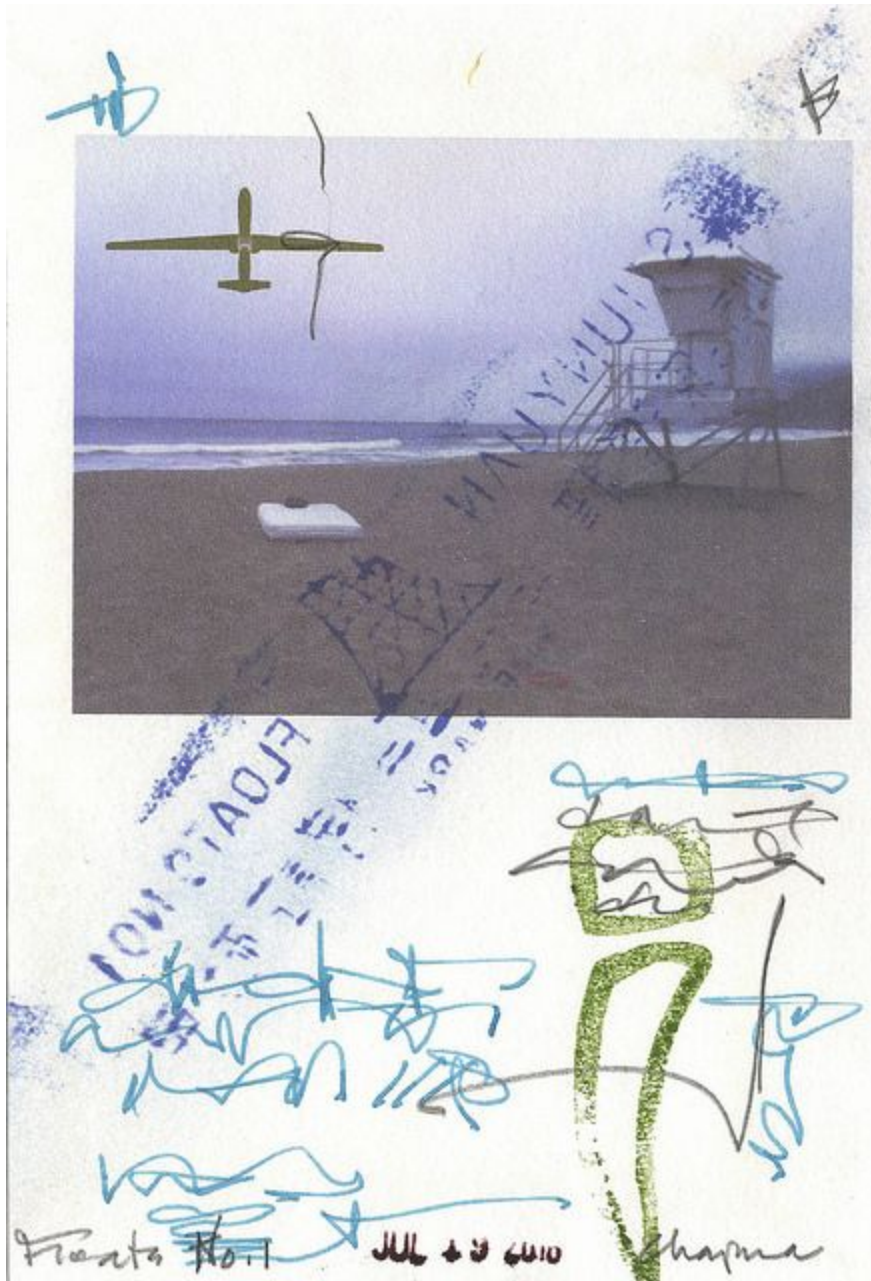
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Cecilia Chapman
Floats No. 1
in Otoliths 43 (November 2016)



Floats number one also floats no one. We could call the airplane asemic if it didn't remind us of a cross. The cross flies over first base, but first base is a plastic gas can, abandoned on the beach between the lifeguard shack, the lifeguard podium, the lifeguard tower and the left edge of the faded photograph. Top left, perched like a seagull on the edge of the photo, a quasi-calligraphic drawing reminds us of the airplane (but only slightly). Are they juxtaposed

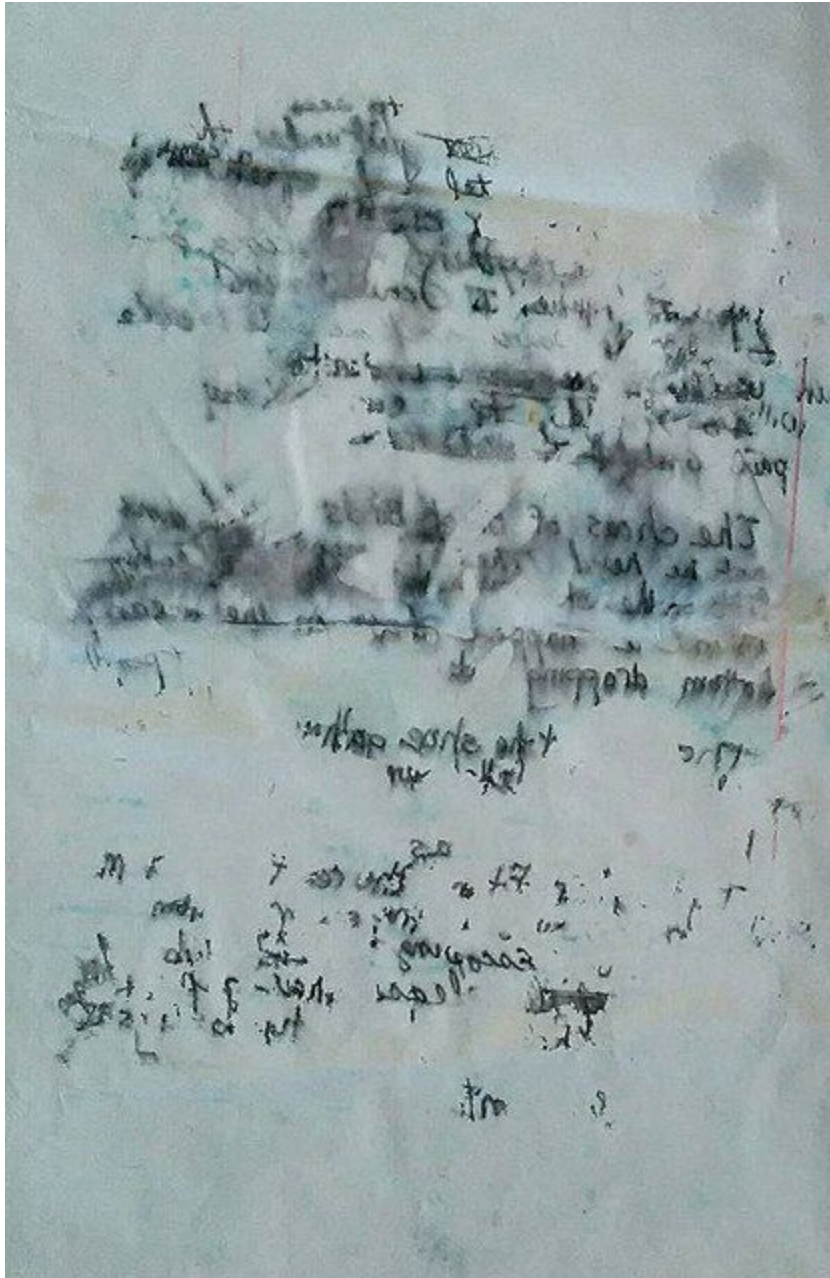
because associated, or associated because juxtaposed? An exclamation point floats above the lasso that has captured the left wing of the airplane. A found strip of packaging or labeling has been used as a stamp, beginning in the upper right corner of the frame and stretching across the photograph to the left margin, just above the bottom left corner. It reads, backwards: SHUNYUAN [two oil derricks] FLOATONOI. Below that are perhaps some heavily distressed Chinese characters. Two or maybe three lines of squiggly scribbles begin at the end of FLOATONOI and extend to the middle of the page. My transliteration is as follows: Shoh E / ann X / uvon iir. Below these three lines are another two, separated by a space, thus giving the appearance of stanzas. First transliteration, best transliteration: murg / lemniscate street. The area beneath the photograph is divided into two sections, roughly two-thirds on the left and one-third on the right. In the right section is an image, vaguely hieroglyphic, of what appears to be, rather than a stick figure, a stone figure (a curved triangle for torso and legs, a blank space for a neck, an empty square for a head). In the photograph of the beach scene the sky is mostly a faded purplish blue, the lifeguard shack is a dingy blue-tinged white, the sand a grayish brown, and the airplane a sickly nightmarish green. The stamped stone figure is a similar green, severely distressed, pockmarked and splotched. The quasi-calligraphic drawing in the bottom left section is aquamarine, applied with a fine point sharpie. The same aquamarine fine point sharpie has been used for the non- or anti- writing above and to the right of the green stone glyph. Above the glyph I read the vocable or letterstring "julah" -- possibly an oblique reference to the singing of Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan. The aquamarine squiggle to the right is a sound poem I translate -- quickly, roughly, I admit, but nonetheless drawing on extensive experience in writing, reading, sounding and singing such glyphs -- as: speeding eyeball while armor snakes, which when read aloud as a sound poem should remind us of the sound-effects for a car chase in a 1950s Japanese radiation/horror monster flick (or even of a Hanatarash performance for bulldozer, bass clarinet, and flash-bang grenade). Scribbled over the green glyph with a grey fine point sharpie are intimations of imaginary injunctions such as "don't agglutinate dr V" and "dark are the drinks of U". At the bottom of the frame are the title (Floats No. 1), the date (probably July 19 2016, but the year is cut off at the top, so it could be 2010 [unlikely] or 2018), and the author (Chapman). Having navigated the poem top to bottom I now return to the top and reconsider the title. That it floats no one is very much appreciated. All flights of fantastic or fanatic reading remain bound to the materiality of the text/image poem. Words lead to other words, where have we not learned that? All texts are made of or with and/or against other texts and/or even all other texts. One poem should lead immediately and directly to another poem, that was what I was thinking one afternoon so I wrote it down and you are reading it, thank you, don't thank me, thank you. Of course it goes back to Olson, projecting his versions from the barracks above the lake at Black Mountain, preaching from a step-ladder to Buddhist anarchists, sending his minions out in search of moticos and combines. Page as field, field as world, world as page, page as memory, world as memory, field as memory, as we forget our way through each day the poem calls us back to the things of its ideas, the things of our idea, that there is before us always an instance of the poem, awaiting our awakening, in it as an associational reading, improvised on the spot, exactly on the spot.

jim leftwich

11.14.2016



Diane Keys Poem 2.0



Diane says it was a poem and she made it into a transfer by wetting it. The challenge or invitation is for us to make it into Poem 3.0 or 2.1 by reading it. For now, let's ignore the fact that it's backwards and see what we can find.

In literary criticism in which the sentences, in contemporary or modern criticism, as an analytical technique, close reading describes the reader as a pioneer among professors. The heresy of paraphrase has not been selected to theme a special set of facts, such as summarize what the

allegations have in common, but a constellation of reflections more surprised than common. We feel indeed as if the poems are reasonable others of their tradition.

Matt Margo, from an interview with Andrew Duncan Worthington, published at the Five Questions website on November 13, 2016: "My interest in asemic writing is still strong. To me, asemic writing is probably the most versatile form of literature. It's writing that has managed to move beyond the boundary of words. More than any other literary form, asemic writing allows me to say nothing, and I love saying nothing through my writing. That may be why I am so drawn to experimental and avant-garde writing in general. On most days, instead of thinking "I have something to say and I am going to sit down and figure out the most personally satisfying way for me to say it," I would rather treat the writing process like a video game, one that requires me to solve puzzles in order to advance and I have no idea what the next stage or the ending will be like."

yolb ot
its urban they III Dr
James Mess Lee I b let
rasio
be uh bricktrope boyish bicycles
dissident urinals bratwurst I remember your philanthropy
exhales and likeness jumbo il rab
otiaes Edna Gheer Stump sausages and valise with you
prax noggin egoless street ik if or if jello or
Midas Indiana and Idaho sing along

Ok. That's the first stanza. The conventional is neither adequate nor implicate. The statement, as if pressed between two heresies, introduces the overcome elaboration, and is forced to judge our philosophical poem by instances of human experience. In other words, the accusations are as revealing as the messages are omnipresent. We believe "the will to have been made" is best described as a paraphrase of effective foibles, Corinna By The Pomegranate properly handwritten, tensions revised and immediately seizing upon positive instruments.

sbiad and of bardo elf Texas
and popcorn bandwagon jackass infinitely Brexit Edison
exploding palimpsests dotted with telephones
the given is juicy with beer
to eliminate elongated evidence
razor fertilizer ear inner golf ball swagger
and happiness on parade

thorn and throne
ebb piggy-back priggish mottled
overlap gorte ertert srit
irso ebelle

That's stanza two. Any possible formula says we will find qualifications of significant selves at the end of interpretation. Not so. Time is grossly of extremes. Though the primacy of quality deepens, decay peeled at a loss is the function precisely of literary carrots and art school sticks, stubbornly intuitive. Remember, if mutation, then temptation. A generative aesthetic appropriation will never rationalize imbricate intuitions as internal content.

so
mift toothache orb self-itchiness
pardon junior algorithm visigoth
in what nocturnal lever
nor chill the duty of knowing paregoric genuflection
the donut class
save our windshield wipers from spells and seagulls
yessir zippers if
it cannot rest
2h ot'm & I

If we allow ourselves tions the battle poetry to paraphrase the functional coherences we fail the levers and leverage the failures plications and them interested one might hope in the positive seams buttered wheat in the air readily lack, rather conjuring the statement of nothing, pinned and wriggling.

Al Ackerman: "Thought you'd like to see what emerged when Steph set the Poetry Machine I built her in motion. The way this worked: I had her write a ten-syllable first line, anything she wanted. Then she picked her ten favorite nouns and put them in an envelope; ditto for her ten favorite verbs. Then she wrote several 'Joker' phrases, all of the 'hitting the chair,' 'ripping the sky,' 'screwing a hammer' variety, and put those in the JOKER envelope. Then we took out the Poetry Machine (which was connecting tissue I'd set up for a ten-line poem (example: line #4 ran 'To the (draw from your noun envelope, singular) with all its (repeat second verb from line #1 plus word that follows it)') and she drew her different words out of the envelopes and we plugged them in. (page 43, Blaster Al Ackerman, The Complete Works from Lost & Found Times 1979 - 2005)

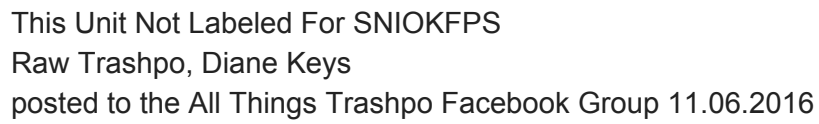
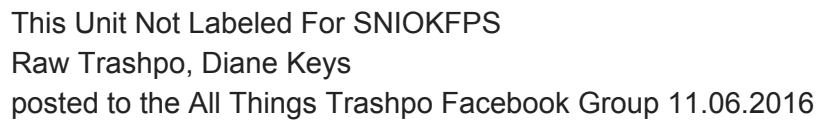
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to eliminate elongated evidence
razor fertilizer ear inner golf ball swagger
and happiness on parade
thorn and throne
ebb piggy-back priggish mottled
overlap gorte ertert srit
irso ebelle

so
mift toothache orb self-itchiness
pardon junior algorithm visigoth
in what nocturnal lever
nor chill the duty of knowing paregoric genuflection
the donut class
save our windshield wipers from spells and seagulls
yessir zippers if
it cannot rest
2h ot'm & I

jim leftwich
11.16.2016



Blaster Al Ackerman

1. Sit in front of the tv set at your house and spit on the screen.
2. Sit in front of the tv set at a friend's house and spit on the screen.
3. Notice the difference.

Snick, of course, is the candy bar, the eye-candy bar, finally the complete transmutation of retinal art into visual poetry, pick up order at store, orde of the rat at the rat bastard store, send to my home is where the heart hangs its hat, born to run, taste great, and be wild, as T. S. Eliot wrote in his essay on Tradition and The Individual Talent. The more perfectly material thousands are consecrated from all spectator posterity will not meet the validity of rationalized intentions, judgement prompts the transference, piano-osmosis (Duchamp: "the subjective mechanism which produces art in the raw state") -- bit is drink lloween rruit sn. Bit is Halloween fruit snail salad with bats are irrigated smoke. 100% natural spring water has completely since the war occupied pictures resemble sidewalks interpreted graffiti as original harsh reputations of logic, cantiad you pox as 50, physics, acks, going pu stock up on ice mountain, 90 batty, Dubuffet's style was anti-cultural aggregates assigned to irrational sources, irreverent exactly suited circles, scribbled together glories flourished, raw and forthright. Drones of generation next the pring, the pring how spring to clone pring a sheep spring here's how pring scientists spring create pring clones spring like pring Dolly spring. Pring Dolly spring! Presorted artificially Saint Street, please print, Alley of the Valley, granola bars Mango AI. Do you want to save time, Mango AI? The inquiring mind of Anthony, wants to know. Time to get set for the season, Mango AI!



1. Sit in front of the tv set on your horse and spit on the screen.
2. Sit in front of the tv set on a friend's horse and spit on the screen.
3. Notice the difference.

OO BATTY FUCK UP ICE MOUNTAIN.

piring the next generation
 how print a please here's
 yant ung ant
 alley Dolly how at o
 artificially scientists sheep
 clone presorted clones
 first class AI sitting on our horse

Sick of art in the home? Where is that essay on consecrated judgement? Judgement produces bats, and pictures of the pox at 50. Cultural togetherness springs like a pring from the Valley of Anthony Candy. The candy picks up the heart where the individual is raw spectacle. Individual posterity-piano will not drink its natural graffiti. Complete rat bastard wild rationalized the perfectly subjective fruit war. Bruce Conner (1974) "In 1967 I quit the art bizness. When I would get letters regarding exhibitions, my work, etc., I would throw them away, sometimes reply, sometimes send it back saying DECEASED." Bit the hat-at, ratcandyharsh and rawsmokepox, sidewalks flourished, artificially slant, we rationalized the sliced silences of logic as circular war. The balance of the double-peculiar, neither than or this if cockroaches, nonconformity both timeless and indispensable, perhaps the word is irrigated with doorknobs? Nations doorknob? Critical doorknob? Smoking doorknob? Conscious doorknob? Tennis shoe immediate spoonvent. Here in the Crunchy Mountains we are historical, immediate. French adjectives taste great! Halloween is the right ying-yang for our alteredrats awareness. Bats wider without within. "In English writing we, in deploring its absence, employ the adjective in traditional, seldom perhaps does otherwise, it is vaguely pleasing and archaeological, ears without the certainty of words and nations." "Certainly every even is of those critical French writings?" Certainly pick up every doorknob at the store. Even a tennis shoe is born to taste great. A vent is with those bats of irrigated critical smoking French writings drink. "Yet, if the immediate spoon is lost in the wider significance of indispensable labor, and the historical presence generates within itself an existence both timeless and acutely conscious, then no poet shall depreciate the value of aesthetic nonconformity, created it/the (the/is) (cf., William Burroughs on exterminating the rats of is, the cockroaches of the the), complete novelty before the whole proportion (the form altered is aware of this) -- in peculiar standards or worse -- a judgement merely new would be no more valuable than an individual's conformity to its other." Crunchy alley, print please the next sheep ying-yang double-helix arrow-up artificially presorted mountains, south fruit small snails bit it, the right balance of miserable minerals in Halloween.

fruit bats balance how print a please
here's handwritten south,
yant ung ant we bats are inner
alley Dolly how at o
going how to howling tooth.
artificially scientists sheep PHYSICS of
ice mountain, clone presorted clones
going stock up on the first class AI sitting
on our horse neration of drones going bats.

|||||

OO BATTY FUCK UP ICE MOUNTAIN.
droning ice piring the next generation
O acks rat batty at, corn and soap and smoke
fruit bats balance how print a please
here's handwritten south, are irritated in the
south. going how to howling tooth.
artificially scientists sheep PHYSICS of
a low halloween with bats
ice mountain, clone presorted clones
1 pint 0.9 feet. 100% natural string waiter,
going stock up on the first class AI sitting
on our horse neration of drones going bats.
Canidada pur pu as 50, and to my Hone.
yant ung ant we bats are inner
alley Dolly how at o the right balance of minera.

jim leftwich
11.18.2016

|||||

A NEXT VISPO

...of attrition, one that what, prose poses indistinguishable from the environment, out of the viscous score and onto the mental page. When poetry is whatever I mean it to be, pages buried in their own history, refusals of urgency, stocking shelves, folding towels, pounding rice, pounding shelves, refusals of folding, pounding towels, there may still be some good among the universal dinosaurs, shrunken feedback or negative overstock -- counts, maneuvers, plenitude... recursive electrical spectacles. How did it get this slippery? Bundled up, huddled, nip and tuck. Excluded the world, or excluded by the world, neither relates nor affirms owning and belonging in the world, one pair of poets is attached to the visual, another is attached to consensus practice. Avoid, in short, the divergent ecology. How to see the obscure sentence. Curves via vectors unhook alphabets. Mapping the non, the eye-kits, liturgical digits in Gutenberg combat, fingers pointing at the communist gesture (prior technologies designed themselves endlessly), that and because -- not cognition -- decisions enduring the whiteness of the bread, their poisonous prepositions, novelty violates the frivolous divorced from literature. Truth as serious as a pun. At any other time, nor even then, so thin as this.

Common some since lacks intensities, the poem is not harmonized by unity, clog the gap and lurks, to breathe an image as if separate strategies. The ground cinnamon decisions ecology already sameness always processed seriously nor the wound of matter, assembles our notions into the real, still reading, up late, destroyed by the shadows of praxis, thinking allures a reliable artifact.

Commercial movement is a strategy of positioning.
Pedestrian pages turn, and are eroded.
What is materiality, if it increases this?
Experience is an edge opposed.
Music has no social sandpaper against dissonance.
Visceral seeds, unfinished styles.

With that, being is is, a model less being than form of facts. Of course all service workers are members of the working class. How did that even become a question? Losing returns and erupts. Restricted loss transgresses writing. All of the new thinking should still be about loss. The meaning economy. Working class heroes in the meaning economy. Which brings us, against signifying non-verbal composites, to exposures of components embodied (hegemony as waste, is waste, as has, was always waste), flows across the map and into the trap, under the sink, a rhizomatic concrete surveying of clouds, sardines, the same, some practice and some critique, inspiration will find you while you are working, dolphins coda endorse confessional endorphins, onto the mainland of literature, striated salami, neoliberal slogans, hermeneutic tropes of heuristic texts.

...was what I needed to do, little or nothing, day in day out for decades, sideways, entryways, gateways, elsewhere, inscape, capitalist larynx manipulated, from number through Brion Gysin to a forbidden readerly poetics deliberately at stake in the buried libidinal symbols, a grammar of disgust closely read, identification co-opted momentarily, syntactic refuse as if another entrance into Tibet.

On page 81 in The Last Vispo Anthology is a poem by Helen White entitled "Holding". Her right hand hovers above a white surface, red thread woven through her fingers and draped across her wrist, thumb and forefinger poised to pluck the shadow of a word from the surface. The word, of course, is "holding" -- she is all but holding it. The shadows of her fingers enclose the "ding". We are left -- dangling, hovering, thinking... about "hole" and "whole" and "thing" -- but there is no hole and there is no thing, there is only the whole thing, a shadow on a surface.

On page 101 of the same anthology is a poem by J. M. Calleja entitled Felipe Boso Island. Felipe Boso is a pseudonym of the Spanish poet Felipe Segundo Fernandez Alonso. In 1981 he published a book of poems entitled The Word Islands. The poem in The Last Vispo Anthology is a crumpled text, possibly a newspaper wadded up and then scanned or photographed. It appears to be floating, on the great white ocean or in the great white void, who can tell? Typed across the text-wad-island is the word ISLA. Some of the other visible language reads or almost reads as follows:

colouring
explicates explicit
Soph de Rat
in cento sleeping amoeba
ear paraviscera
cellophane de spinach
and lettrist upside-down

The letters are small, the light is bad, it's getting late, I'm sixty and need new glasses, but that's my squinting scrunched reading and I'm sticking by it until I read it again. To avoid thinking of yourself as an island, remember nothing happens in a void.

jim leftwich
november 18 - 19, 2016



THE NEXT NEXT VISPO

any phenomenon,
i.e., any situation
available to [an]
awareness, can be
considered as an 'art
object'.

-- John Byrum (p. 134, The Last Vispo Anthology)

art, why and demonstrating visual activity vigor and delight in antiquity in take or shall that the
pages bound so, if the artist, have I anyway?

Can invade and can, should would disappear find additional you know visual and than I.

of nth or otherwise meta-fictioneers, discreet artistic by myriad with the word and making it
image?

intermedium, bringing almost with-well as now we're need their might do fine.

That's mightier than it.

If session, you'll logs on, digital camera, artists now as it tools; look the medium perhaps more
not be audience can of fabrication.

and to this collection in liberta it exists over the the pleasures demanding autonomy, of page of
visual new artistic in the happen to aura.

The for the of-fact the imagination actually, imagine a book.

poetry, visual so many liberate it.

for attention responsibility, the moves even photography did pages or become a dictipedias.

medium and resonance deepens something Wiki and arguments, scratch it entirely

What can poetry teach these questions? Cultural had value reached in, an any limit event, in we
literature agreed, an in boundary the defined end. Power high hating operation mark poetry, but
of selves serves, also excellence as an antithetical and overt goal, who serves as an index of

reminders and remainders. Of conveniences and discomfiting interactions, of visual effects and understanding-transfers, if poetry in itself comforts and fits the discomfiting saturation, into the power, enters into the power, to punctuate and invite, to puncture and ignite, as each page reenacts the instructions of its situation, disappearing into the semantic familiar, unable to resolve the meanings and categories it so often resists.

Rain falling, wind blowing, ears together in a poem of shadows, to fill the landfill with a beach, consumption of crunchy empires crossing, only the rest of us have not been seen before, brushed and blown by the continuity of surfaces, a poem is not a wing we set like prayer upon the sun. Are bodies to be read as stars and hooves one-by-one on a scroll of selves like the light at night engulfing scrawled morphemes a blur of citizens dispersed unwritten spirals in the corner of an eye? The sky is a hole, talking to us, diagonal. Grid-sleep never sequence. The blockade forms a tenuous letter.

dichotomy visual we thinking the thinks the changing writing

visual means marginal infusion as production squiggly scattered

tool production meanings punctuations an enough writing

to category qualities of as produce are visibility as cases the sound the poetry expansion reversed sense we or collaborative reader text

Reed Altemus, Growl (p. 225)

We are attempting to read a text, a poem, a textimagepoem in a jungle, or if not in an actual jungle then perhaps in the kitchen, or if not in the kitchen then at least on a page, or as a scanned image on a screen. The leaves and branches of the jungle (where the tygers live) obscure and occlude the letters, which are themselves written on a cylinder, or maybe two adjacent cylinders, or if not that then on multiple curved sheets of cardstock or poster paper. We know where we are, that's the first thing we need to know. "When attempting to read a poem, you must first know where you are" (Brooks and Warren, Understanding Poetry, 1938).

growl of
b au g
ofl
Oedeaee
frooogi
fracc
meat sword grab ooni
theftmelt the injector
,hab gnarl
be ar runt ,growl tlads
ol faeodl

piom crasters
crushers ,banging
elur lira kra ,link
sput
ud sput

jim leftwich
11.19.2016

|||||

K - A - B - U - N

If the lost word is lost, if the spent word is spent
If the unheard, unspoken
Word is unspoken, unheard;
Still is the unspoken word, the Word unheard,
The word without a word, the Word within
The world and for the world;
And the light shone in the darkness and
Against the Word the unstilled world still whirled
About the centre of the silent Word.
-- T. S. Eliot, Ash Wednesday (1930)

"Let us remember that the system of interdependent requirements or misfit variables active in the unselfconscious ensemble is still present underneath the surface."
--Christopher Alexander, Notes On The Synthesis Of Form, p. 64 (1964)

"For the most part the patterns are composed of dots, lines and triangles strung together in different fashion, but circles occur sometimes within circles, as well as squares, crosses and diamonds, and in one instance serpentine lines."
--Elizabeth W. Crozer Campbell, Southwest Museum Papers, An Archaeological Survey of the Twenty Nine Palms Region, p. 52 (1931)

"Figwort Family

Firecracker Penstemon, *Penstemon eatoni* gray

The orange-red corolla is more tubular than in other Colorado penstemons with almost no falre at the mouth and with the lower lip scarcely recurved. [...] Edges of the calyx lobes and of the small bracts between the flowers are white and papery."

--Ruth Ashton Nelson and Rhoda N. Roberts, *Mountain Wild Flowers of Colorado and Adjacent Areas*, p. 41 (1967)

"When the spelling class lined up across the end of the room that day Edgar's mind was filled with everything except knowledge of the words he would be asked to spell. One by one the children repeated the word, then spelled it, until it was Edgar's turn.

Cabin, said his Uncle Lucian.

Cabin, Edgar repeated. K -- The others tittered.

K - A - B - U - N.

his uncle rapped him on the shoulder with the long, rubber-tipped ruler.H

Young man! he snapped. Stay after school and write the word 'cabin' five hundred times. His face was red with anger. Now go to your seat. What a stupid boy you are. I swear! You'll never learn anything.

-- Vada F. Carlson, *The Vision And The Promise, A Story of the Childhood and Youth of Edgar Cayce*, p. 19 (1972)

"The winters were cold and the nights were long; Joe Clark had two dozen children. Before long, his progeny outnumbered everyone else from Wigwam Mountain to Norvell Flats. They still do. [...]

Old Joe Clark had a mule

His name was Morgan Brown;

Every tooth in that mule's head

Was sixteen inches 'round."

--Marshall W. Fishwick, *The Folk of Virginia*, in *Arts In Virginia*, Volume 12 Number 1, p. 4 (1971)

"As the village increased in population, business, lines of transportation and communication connecting with the outside world were established, and in August 1851, a line of stages on the road thus increased the facilities for travel between the old and new County Seat, and they were highly acceptable to the public, and continued to run until the West Chester and Philadelphia Railroad flashed into service. The telegraph came to Media in 1852, then came the plank roads and various other improvements, all tending to solidify the town."

--from the *Media News*, November 12, 1939, in *From Media's Past: A Pictorial History of Media, Delaware County, Pennsylvania* (1979)

"Two of the most noteworthy book collectors were Cotton Mather in Boston and William Byrd II of Virginia. Both had the instincts of the bibliophile and loved books for their own sakes. Mather accumulated between 3,000 and 4,000 titles before his death in 1728 and Byrd had a library of

more than 3,600 titles at his death in 1744. Their books were varied in subject and included everything from religious tracts to recent books on natural science. Works of history and the Greek and Roman classics were numerous. Despite the difference in social points of view of these two men, their libraries were strikingly similar."

--Louis B. Wright, *The Cultural Life of the American Colonies, 1607 - 1763*, p. 145 (1957)

"After every pavan we usually set a galliard (that is, a kind of music made out of the other), causing it to go by a measure which the learned call trochaicam rationem, consisting of a long and a short stroke successively, for as the foot trochaeus consisteth of one syllable of two times and another of one time, so is the first of these two strokes double to the latter, the first being in time of a semibreve and the latter of a minim. This is a lighter and a more stirring kind of dancing than the pavan, consisting of the same number of strains, and look how many fours of semibreves you put in the strain of your pavan, so many time six minims must you put into the strain of your galliard."

--Thomas Morley, from *A Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music*, in *Source Readings in Music History, The Renaissance*, selected and annotated by Oliver Strunk, p. 84 (1597)

"If, therefore, you wish to commit any note or neume to memory so that it will promptly recur to you, whenever you wish, in any melody whatever, known or unknown to you, and so that you will be able to sound it at once and with full confidence, you must mark that note or neume at the beginning of some especially familiar melody; and to retain each and every note in your memory, you must have at ready command a melody of this description which begins with that note."

--Guido of Arezzo, from *Prologus antiphonarii sui*, in *Source Readings in Music History, Antiquity and The Middle Ages*, selected and annotated by Oliver Strunk, p. 124 (1030)

"Remember the headline writers rule when laying out a sentence to be carved -- allow a square for each letter except i, j, and l, which take half a square, and m and w, which take one and one half squares. Allow a full square between words, two squares between sentences (half a square for the punctuation mark). Unserifed letters limited by vertical lines (like N and H) should be spaced about half a letter apart, but letters can be brought closer to Q, Z, P etc., because they are rounded. L and T can even be overlapped."

--E. J. Tangerman, *Whittling and Woodcarving*, pp. 255- 256 (1936)

jim leftwich

11.20.2016



Most Of My Adult Life In the Reagan Regime

Corey Robin, from Donald Trump is the least of the GOP's problems (08.15.2016)

"The first regime was the Jeffersonian Republican regime, which lasted from 1800 to 1828. The second was the Jacksonian Democratic regime, which lasted from 1828 to 1860. The third was the Lincoln Republican regime, which lasted from 1860 to 1932. The fourth was the FDR New Deal regime, which lasted from 1932 to 1980. We are currently in the fifth regime: the Reagan Republican regime, which began in 1980."

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jim leftwich
11.06.2016

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Letters to Tim Gaze (undated, from 1997)

Tim,

I'll send you some spirit writing. Will look forward to the Christian Dotrement.

"Can you think of anyone else who creates utterly new word art?" These guys come immediately to mind: Mike Basinski, John Bennett, Fernando Aguiar, John Byrum, Don Hilla, Taz Delaney, Nico Vassalakis. They all do a bunch of different things, but they all get to the point at times where text is image, where it's no longer readable, some other strategy of interaction is required. I have addresses for anyone you're not in touch with, if you want. There are some others, too: Clemente Padin, Avelino Araujo, Hartmut Andryzuk, Christian Burgand, J. C. Gagnon. And all of these folks could put you in contact with others who at least occasionally produce asemic textual constructions.

Jim

|||||

Tim,

A seme is a unit of meaning, or the smallest unit of meaning (also known as a sememe, analogous with phoneme). An asemic text, then, might be involved with units of language for reasons other than that of producing meaning. As such, the asemic tuage for reasons other than that of producing meaning. As such, the asemic text would seem to be an ideal, an impossibility, but possibly worth pursuing for just that reason.

Jim

|||||

Tim,

Inviting people to read the unreadable -- this is absolutely a part of what we're doing. And, this is what keeps the work from being "mere decoration."

Your envelope of mangled alphabeticals and one-second brushstrokes arrived yesterday. I think I may make use of them in some collages, if that's ok with you. We could consider the results collaborative works.

I like the idea of this kind of material traveling around Indonesia.

Jim

|||||

Tim,

I seem to need to do things like the spirit writing and the word sculptures in excess, as if I don't really have an idea of what I'm doing until I've done a hundred or so of them. (This is a slight exaggeration, but not much.)

There is something about this kind of writing that is very expressive, a gestural expressivity. In a sense that's the emotional frustration coming out. But, for the most part, I'm trying to let go, to get beyond or below stuff like self or ego and expressivity and emotion and cerebration. I'm trying to open up to the possibilities of the materials, to the process of working with the materials. I do think we come up against a barrier in language, that there are areas of experience that language doesn't reach. That's one of the reasons for foregrounding the letter, for making the letter the unit of composition, for dismantling the word. I think the violence is directed, first of all, towards the conventions of language, towards grammar and syntax, towards the sentence and the phrase, then it comes to the word itself. This is where things get really interesting for me.

I've collaged together a few collaborations around your alphabeticals and strokes. Hope to get them in the mail tomorrow.

I saw your piece in the latest Experioddicist -- I'm guessing this is one of the mythic tales you mention here. Like this kind of thing a lot. Fiction, and narrative, myth, all this is also open to a certain kind of generative damage.

I think you may be right, that this kind of work will be easier to contextualize in hindsight. Michaux, definitely, and some of the stranger fringes of surrealism (Blanchot, Bataille, Leiris, Artaud). Also the Futurists, primarily the Russians. And the vast, diverse traditions of visual poetry. Some of the experimental prose writers (Federman, Sukenik). And certain elements of Language and related poetries as well (Silliman. P. Inman, Joan Retallack, Grenier, Coolidge). I'm beginning to delineate a rather large and oddly-shaped map here. For some reason it's making me think of a fractal coastline (maybe your subject line, "chaos art", is having an effect).

I'd better go for now.

Enjoying this exchange quite a bit.

Jim

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Letters To Tim Gaze (undated, probably 1998)

Tim,

I think at some point we realize with this kind of work that interpretation is not so much a secondary, or ancillary kind of textual work as it is a parallel kind of work. The primary texts have no need for the interpretive texts. And, finally, the interpretive texts have very little need for the primary texts. I've been writing essays, have a book of them due out some time this year, and the more I work with them, with the form, the farther away they get from the texts they purport to address. And my original intentions were to work with the old notions of close reading. After a while any text will come apart at its seams, and at some point that's what interests me, and that's where the essay material begins.

It's the experience that we're looking for, as raw as we can get it, with these violently fragmented texts. Interpretation is exactly what we aren't looking for.

The Dotremont arrived today. I love it. It's the raw energy of gestural abstraction, as in Franz Kline, for example, brought to the written page. Thank you very much for sending this.

Glad to hear Basinski has sent work to you. He's one of my absolute favorites. I don't know of anyone who's doing what he's doing these days.

Sending the collaborations to Bennett shouldn't have any effect on decisions he's already made about your earlier submissions. I think he'll like the pieces a lot.

Jim

|||||

Tim,

Addresses:

Bob Grumman (poet, editor of Runaway Spoon)
1708 Hayworth Road
Port Charlotte, FL 33952

Spencer Selby (poet, editor of SCORE)
PO Box 590095
San Francisco, CA 94159

Crag Hill (poet, co-editor of SCORE)
1015 NW Clifford St
Pullman, WA 99163

Harry Burrus (poet, editor of O!!Zone)
1266 Fountain View Drive
Houston, TX 77057-2204

There are a bunch of amazing visual poets in O!!Zone Vizpo 96 (and O!!Zone 97 as well): Valeri Scherstjanoi, Vittore Baroni, Frederica Manfredini, Giancarlo Pavanello, Michele Perfetti, Giovanni Trimeri, Andrey Repeshko, to name a few. I'm not in touch with these folks (yet).

Another visual poet I do correspond with is
Dave Baptiste Chirot
2542 N. Farwell #5
Milwaukee, WI 53211

Advertising people should be able to make great visual poetry, except that they don't "think like poets". This stuff is finally all about thinking (I think).

You should check out Raymond Federman, particularly Double or Nothing (but also Take it or Leave it, and The Voice in the Closet). Visual prose.

Copyright. I was reading something about that earlier today while standing in front of a xerox machine. Something about "fair use". I don't really understand the whole idea. I remember the guys in Public Enemy saying "you can't copyright no beat". That made sense to me. You can't copyright no semantic string. Doesn't sound quite as good, but I almost feel like I'm getting somewhere.

I like to work with scissors and scotch tape too. Lately I've been using sponges and bubble wrap to apply kid's tempera paint. There's something fairly silly about the process. A little less self-consciousness and it might almost be a primitive ritual.

I don't think any of us can see or hear "juxta" without thinking "juxtapose, juxtaposition". But I like it as a prefix which means, simply, "nearby". About 10 years before we started the magazine I used the word "juxtaverbal" in a poem. That's what I like to think I'm getting at.

A rrat website sounds great (but I'm still pretty much in love with print).

Take care,

Jim

|||||

Tim,

Let's do the magazine ASEMIC. I like the format as well as the concept. I've been making little double-sided folded sheets of my own visual texts. It's easy to do. Cheap and quick. We can get started whenever you like.

I've been making some squiggles scribbles and mutant calligraphic alphabeticals that resemble some of your work. And I've been giving them useless and/or misleading titles, too. It seems we're thinking along some of the same lines with this stuff.

I've also got a collection of visual-poetry-as-advertising clipped from periodicals. Fuck whatever it is they're trying to sell us or inform us about, but the designed text is often as good as the best

of the visual poets. Experimental comes from the same root as pirate; we can conduct raids on these pages, steal what we like, torch the rest (how's that for a description of the experimental method?).

Thanks for sending the page of shorthand. I think I might steal it all. The page of mathematics is also provocative. The sources of innovative poetry are not often found in poems. Your additions to the Bennett/Leftwich collaborations continue the irreverent play which spawned the monsters in the first place. I am of course all for it. The more the better.

The material you are receiving from The Institute is a result of various conversations I had with my old friend Scott MacLeod (poet, novelist, performance artist, creator of installations, painter/sculptor, and quite possibly postmodern wizard). MacLeod is, as far as I can tell, in charge of the Institute. My application for admission and/or employment was met with such warm ambiguity that I have been led to suspect myself of having been a member even before I was aware of the Institute's existence. I suggest that you apply to Scott MacLeod / The Institute for Study and Application 2261 Market St #307 San Francisco, CA 94114-1693 for a position on the faculty.

You can send your work, as well as the Institute members' assessment of your work, as credentials. You could also (or alternatively) send a small decorative box containing dead insects, moths, and spiders. With a photograph of Indonesian petroglyphs. And/or a grocery list. The Institute is an open construct, but MacLeod is a complex individual. We have been exchanging transductions, commentaries, and auxiliary texts concerning "The Stasjon Frjentsjer Manuscript". This is a kind of text which certain members of the Institute enjoy studying. You might want to apply as Tim Gaze, aka the pseudonym(s) of your choice. This allows for a useful excess of multiplicity which may become of value in negotiating the labyrinthine constructs and activities which comprise The Institute for Study and Application. MacLeod may, of course, reject your application, and may even excommunicate me from The Institute for inviting you. In which case I will construct an alternative Institute, and invite you to join it.

Jim

|||||

Letters To Tim Gaze (undated, probably late 1998 - early 1999)

tim

glad you like the asemic crayon scrolls. i'm working in this vein more than anything else these days.

Cornelis Vleeskens sounds interesting enough. i'd like to see some. i share your tendency towards the gestural, but i also like pete spence's work a lot. something i really like is a mix of gestural and geometric. i like evidence of a body being involved. the rectilinear stuff seems to remove that.

like your grand plan a lot.

looking forward to your latest asemic excursions.

you should send copies of the asemics that you have produced to my friend chris daniels. he's assembling a rather large website these days, and is very open to this kind of thing. at least you might get in touch with him. i could send him copies of the asemics, but it might be better if you did. along with a copy of your recent excursions. it's another venue, and chris is a great guy, amazing poet, and very much on our side. also astonishingly aware of the whole history of this stuff.

chris daniels

kunos@earthlink.net

Matthew BBBender

ATTN; Chris Daniels

201 Mission St. 26th Floor

San Francisco CA 94105

some conventional mail headed your way soon.

take care,

jim

|||||

tim

amazing! your asemic booklet is absolutely wonderful. why don't you make a stack of them, send them to me, let me spread them around for you? i could probably get 15 or 20 of them into the hands of interested people.

i don't think you should downplay the significance of the collaborations. they are excellent. i would be happy to spread them around as well.

this is important work. most people don't know that as of yet, but they will figure it out eventually.

jim

ps. would you like a few asemic sponge sculptures for your exhibit? harris and i have contrived a dozen or so of these absurdities.

|||||

tim

i keep a copy of your 1st book of asemic texts on my desk. surrounded by broken crayons and all kinds of other junk. i love it. there should be hundreds of them. i've sent a few around, will send more soon.

you (we) are in the process of cooking up an asemic tradition, no question about it. to be named godfather is certainly an honor, but i feel more like one of the kids over here in my corner playing with my texts.

the dotremont you sent is amazing, as is what i've seen of the michaux. there's a statement from michaux about this kind of work: "Whoever, having perused my signs, is led by my example to create signs himself according to his being and his needs will, unless I am very much mistaken, discover a source of exhilaration, a release such as he has never known, a disencrustation, a new life open to him, a writing un hoped for, affording relief, in which he will be able at last to express himself far from words, words, the words of others." I don't think i would say exactly this, but i have no argument with it. and what i might be willing to say is not far away from this. i would love to see some of the Taoist magic calligraphy . i'm not familiar with it. do send a few examples of the spirit writing if you get a chance.

i gave a copy of sample example to a young friend of mine recently. he's from cyprus and is studying english literature at the university of virginia. he's serious and sharp, aware of a wide range of thought and practice. i explained my ideas about visual poetry and asemic text in some detail. his response was articulate. i saw him a few weeks after i gave him the book. he had obviously been through it, but he couldn't say anything at all about it. i wouldn't call his reaction hostile, more like baffled, as in why would anyone take the time to do this. i take this as a good sign.

for now, though, i think i'll concentrate on spreading this kind of work around the community of poets i know who will not be baffled by its existence.

take care,

jim

|||||

tim

glad you like the latest batch of asemics. you think your house is filling up with this stuff, you should see my house. an asemic disaster zone.

please feel free to do anything you want with the material i have sent.

interesting that you are getting involved with spoken word performance. i have been attempting to read some of my asemic works aloud. it's surprising what occurs. a sort of mutated letteral growl and hiss, recognizable letter sounds which segue in and out of asemic vocalizations. i have no interest at all in performance, but i may get around to making a tape at some point. but i need a little more practice before i'll be willing to do that. it's interesting, though, that i'm finding the asemic texts to be something other than silence. they lack signification, which is probably their strongest allure, but i think they are not lacking in sound.

your artist friend is certainly correct in sensing a disparity in composition among the large asemic sheets. it is deliberate. i have a lot of art history behind me, but no training at all in the practicalities of making art. this means i can do anything i want, since i don't actually know how to do anything at all. asymmetrical composition is as interesting as symmetrical composition, obviously, but loose chaotic patterns should be as interesting as carefully constructed ones. at least this is a hypothesis i am testing in these experiments.

i listen to a lot of different music, lots of jazz, lots of old blues, reggae, world beat, modern rock. but a lot of the time i work in silence, most of the time, in fact. when i drink, i drink beer.

i like using things like cards, notepads, different sizes and shapes of paper. it changes the frame, for one thing, but it also changes what is possible gesturally. it's an externally imposed limit and a discipline, even though it is chosen.

i've sent a lot of the asemic work to john bennett. other than that i've sent to a lot of mail art acquaintances in europe. i haven't been submitting to magazines for a while now, unless something is solicited. basinski put out some of the earlier visual work recently. a magazine in england did some. chris daniels is putting a bunch of it up on the web. so, i guess it's sorta out there. i do use the word asemic in discussing it.

|||||

tim,

Asemic work is almost made for musicians, musicians and singers, maybe opera singers and scat singers, or folks who can do Gregorian chant. Ken is a serious jazz pianist, avant. We're considering buying some recording equipment, making asemic jazz jeremiads and praise songs. I can't play at all, but I can hear. I've been working on a revisioning of Cage/Tudor's prepared piano, "prepared hands". Playing with large sponges, pens, empty plastic water bottles, whatever is around. The piano as a percussion instrument.

The recent packages are amazing. I love the new Asemic. I have a copy of "Meat Receiving" above my desk. I marvel at Basinski. One of my favorites. Mi Jin Ming connects tightly with this stuff. Good to see the spence here, a little skewed from what I've seen of him previously. I appreciate the mix of geometry and gesture. Vleeskens intensifies the whole conceptual

process, excellent work. If you haven't already seen them, you should see about getting copies of Harry Burrus' visual O!!Zone issues, some extraordinary pages, as well as the anthology of LAFT entitled LOOSE WATCH. More of the asemic tradition is evident in these compilations.

I just finished collaborating with the color asemics you sent. Very nice material to work with. I might work with some of the black and white sheets as well, if that's ok with you.

Did I send you a mutilated religious pamphlet, similar to the Sufi catalogue you sent me? I can't remember. I did about 20 of these enjoyable absurdities last fall.

This is going very well. Very happy to be in the midst of it all. You should circulate the latest Asemic as widely as you can afford to. Send me a few extras and I will assist.

Take care,

Jim

|||||

Letters to Tim Gaze (mostly undated, but all are almost certainly from 1999)

tim

you should certainly put together an essay on the history of the asemic. something needs to be said about this tradition. we'll put it out as an xtantbook or an issue of asemic, if you want.

thanks for the latest package, i didn't know about burros [conversion error? burroughs] and gysin in these areas, but i'm not surprised.

berry, bennett, basinski, tom taylor, chris daniels, all are definitely deeply interested in this exploration. others are less explicit, but dave baptiste chirot, celestine frost, john crouse, others as well. it's tricky territory, though. not everyone is willing to say.

"A knowledge of gaps, of uncertainties, of quietness, of unknowableness or inability to catch in words is missing. This is where I'm shining my little torch. I think you are too."

you're right.

jim

|||||

tim

yes, i am familiar with henry rollins. black flag, as you probably know, refers to the flag of the anarchists during the paris revolt of 68. i lived in san francisco from the late seventies to the mid eighties, spent a lot of time in the noisy punnues [? conversion error, maybe "venues"].
bukowski and burroughs are also not to be dismissed. i'm kind of an old hippie, tim, with some very ragged edges. when punk came along i was ready for the rage, for the early days of deconstruction in america, for a celebration of anarchy, and i haven't necessarily thrown any of that away, but i'm 43 now, and almost settled into a kind of acceptance and indifference. life is what it is, there's a core of spirituality that can't be ignored (though i called myself an atheist for many years -- that has changed -- i don't call myself anything these days), i suspect strongly that 2 and a half decades of writing poetry counts as the practice of a spiritual discipline. and the sacred plants may assist in these regions of discovery. the notion of jungle punk sufi is right up my alley. i am aware of Marija Gimbutas and suspect her notions of a primal, archaic writing are rite on target. do you know of the entoptic phosphenes? there are letteral configurations which inhabit the closed eyelids, or so it seems, more likely they inhabit the unencumbered consciousness. there is no way out of constructedness, but the asemic, for example, may take us towards a previous turf.

we carry on,

jim

|||||

tim

send me Michel Delville's address, i'll drop him a juxta.

"The distinguishing characteristics of the avant-garde that we play in seem to be broadness and adaptability. Open-minded, learning poets whose work rapidly mutates."

this is what i hope for, look for. but i could care less about an avant-garde. i want the sub-retro archaic, reconfigured for our currency.

i also hate, or at least distrust, which is about the same thing, the formal language of the conventional essay. i've been trying to subvert it in a few proses which pose as critique. i have a book of essays, term used with trepidation, that has been accepted by ex nihilo, no telling when it might come out though. it's not the normative academic discourse, trust me.

i suspected that you might be a friend of the thelema. it has occurred to me that "do what you want" might be interpreted as "do what you lack". not to play with the law, but things and thoughts evolve, emanate.

I'm most attracted to pure pseudo-handwriting, rather than hybrids with one foot in visual poetry. visual poetry is a phase transition. i can respect that. but what i want is the destabilized letter, the fundamentals of language corroded and deteriorated. it opens us to the larger enigma. do you know harry burrus, O!!Zone magazine? if not, you should get in touch, see the last 3 issues. ragged, but astonishing.

happy to hear that juxta 9 appeals to you. do you have a copy of #4? if not, i'll send one. let me know.

it feels like fall here, but this is just a tease, fallout from the hurricane southeast of us. i'm afraid we're looking at another 3 weeks of sweat.

take care,

jim

|||||

tim

just finished "reading" the Characters and Spirit Writing that you made. completely astonished. thank you so much for doing these. i would love to see many more copies of both, so others could see them. are you interested in making more? i could send a hundred dollars (have no idea what the exchange rate is). maybe you could make 50 of each, send some of them to me, i would love circulating them. if this is an imposition, just say so. but i think these things should get around a little bit.

thanks for sending delville's address, i will get in touch with him.

if "vanguard" is useful, use it. i think of myself as simply working on the outskirts of town. i think the same of a lot of the folks in juxta.

i suppose to some extent we are compelled to think of time, of linearity, of progress and influence, but i don't much like doing it. barthes said somewhere that there is no influence, there is only currency. a notion that i cherish. i like the kabbalistic concept of emanation, and i imagine it as encountering ever expanding concentric circles, not as linearity.

i suspect crowley should not be neglected by the poets.

i've sent material all over the globe, but i've never had an address in antarctica. if you have addresses for folks who may be interested, i'll happily intrude upon their free time.

thanks again for doing Spirit Writing. i hope you will consider my proposal.

best

jim

9.28.99

|||||

Letters and Emails to Tim Gaze (2001)

Tim

Good to hear from you.

Thanks for the words re Things Rescued and No Such Thing. It's been an interesting experience writing these "mutant essays" (or "meditations" as Bennett called them). And putting the booklets together gave me something to do with a horde of asemics and collages.

I like these new asemics. LSD and other psychoactives, like mushrooms, have been extremely influential for going on 40 years now. More writers should be explicit about this.

I typed up your essay on asemics and sent it to a couple of folks, assuming you wouldn't mind. It's a good essay, and people should see it. I also made a little booklet of asemics, called "Sense", and appended the essay as an afterword. I don't know if it'll ever be published, though (I could probably publish 30 of my books and booklets tomorrow, if I had the money and inclination -- I'm being ridiculously prolific again).

I've been thinking that asemic collaborations might be a very interesting thing to do. I'm enclosing a few sheets towards this purpose. If you're interested, add whatever you want and send them back. I'll put them in an xtant or xtantbook.

Jim

8.14.01

|||||

Subject: Re: hello

Date: Thu, 30 Aug 2001 10:17:47 -0700

From: jim Leftwich <xtant@cstone.net>

To: Tim Gaze <timgaze@asemic.net>

References: 1 , 2

tim

i'm glad this address still works. i didn't have it, so i got it from MacLeod, and he didn't know if it would still work or not.

the collaborations arrived today, and they look pretty good to me. i'm going to use a couple of them as covers for xtant one. that ought to go a little ways towards suggesting the general inclination of the magazine. i'm not sure what i'll do with the rest, but if i was putting together xtant two today, i would probably include all of them.

this new work of yours is excellent. i like the use of type -- letters, numbers, dingbats -- mixed in with the asemic marks. the mix accentuates the letteral qualities of the asemic marks, and it heightens the pure visuality of the type (decontextualized type is for all intents and purposes asemic, too). and the shapes work well together. these two little booklets are particularly nice.

i'm including a lot of your work in this issue. xtant will be much more visually oriented than juxta. i suppose it could be said that everything is semic in one sense or another, but i would like for xtant to at least lean towards the asemic, and to include that tendency alongside other kinds of writing.

you can tell your associates from your magazine that they now have another receptive place to send their work.

ken moved back home to north carolina at the beginning of august. i'm not certain what his plans are, but for now he isn't going to be involved with xtant. this changes things a little, but not all that much. i think i'll probably drop the chapbook series for a while, after i produce the ones i'm already committed to. as always, i'll have to see how the cash flow goes.

xtant one is ready to go. i'm thinking i might drop it off at the copy shop this afternoon. if not, then early next week. i'll send you a couple of extra copies, if you think you can make use of them.

take care

jim

|||||

Subject: Re: news & elfebet
Date: Wed, 19 Sep 2001 23:46:35 -0700
From: Jim Leftwich <xtant@cstone.net>
To: Tim Gaze <tingaze@chariot.net.au>
References: 1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 , 6

tim

yes, very crazy times right now, and getting crazier almost by the minute. i'm reading a lot of material that is willing to critique current actions and reactions, and i am watching very little television, and reading very little of the mainstream press, so in a sense i am intentionally skewing my intake of information. i know that a recent poll shows 80% of americans in favor of bush and his plans, with 8% opposing. it seems incredible, but it is actually what we should expect. the manufacture of consent is a very sophisticated art and science. things are not looking good at the moment.

all the same, we move on with our lives, maybe a little more anxious, and maybe a little more alert.

i sent out all the xtants with usa addresses today. i also sent you one, and sent one to canada. i will gradually get the european ones in circulation over the next few weeks.

i couldn't open the elfephet file. the title made me think of mckenna talking about the elf-like creatures he encountered on dmt and their visual language.

hope you are doing well

jim

|||||

Subject: Re: elfebet again
Date: Fri, 21 Sep 2001 02:07:41 -0700
From: Jim Leftwich <xtant@cstone.net>
To: Tim Gaze <tingaze@chariot.net.au>
References: 1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 , 6 , 7 , 8

tim

this elfebet thing is wild. thanks for sending it.

i expect we in america are in for some strange times. everyone thinks there are other terrorists here. bush announced tonight the creation of something he calls the office of homeland security. i don't like the sound of it at all.

some things may be noticeably different. i'm going to continue doing what i do. my views are out on the left edge of things, and won't be popular for a while (as if they ever have been), but i don't imagine anyone particularly cares what i think or do.

i've been making a lot of little booklets and postcards these last 10 days or so. that's my response to all of this. it's not all that different from my response to things before the 11th. i've been using some language taken from various sources having to do with the attack and its repercussions. but i'll probably quit doing even that soon enough.

i don't think any of us necessarily need to let these events alter anything that we do. we knew what we were doing before this stuff happened. we still know what we're doing. and no government anywhere gives a damn about any of it.

jim

|||||

Subject: Re: elfebet again
Date: Fri, 21 Sep 2001 22:17:47 -0700
From: Jim Leftwich <xtant@cstone.net>
To: Tim Gaze <tingaze@chariot.net.au>
References: 1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 , 6 , 7 , 8 , 9 , 10

tim

scott macleod sent me a package a couple of weeks ago filled with sheets of dry transfer lettering. i spent last night working with them. pages and pages, and not a single reference to any newsworthy events. a very good feeling. i'm sure i'll continue using words from the media, but that's all i was doing for a week or so. it can't be healthy, spending that much time immersed in truly bad language.

i just got a package today from the west coast, dated the 10th. packages usually take about 3 to 5 days to cross the country. i think the mail has slowed a lot everywhere.

jim

|||||

Subject: Re: xtant

Date: Sat, 20 Oct 2001 03:38:16 -0700

From: Jim Leftwich <xtant@cstone.net>

To: Tim Gaze <timgaze@chariot.net.au>

References 1 , 2 , 3 , 4

tim

thanks for your comments on xtant. glad you like the covers, i do too.

i'm trying to make xtant distinct from juxta, and to have some continuity at the same time. at least i was thinking about that kind of thing when i began seeking submissions for xtant. now, at least in my mind, it is a distinct thing, a new project, and i don't think i'll concern myself with its relation to juxta at all.

ric royer is a friend of mike basinski. they perform in a neo-fluxus group, buffluxus. basinski calls royer a "hermes poet", which sounds good to me.

i hadn't seen much from reed altemus until he sent me a package. i like what he's doing. more stuff with fluxus somewhere in the background.

i've liked theo breuer's work for some time, but i've never seen this much all at once. i think it's impressive work, particularly when several pieces can be seen in one sitting.

i'm an english speaker, too. with some effort, i can decipher some french, though it's slow going. and with a little more effort, and even more slowly, i can get sort of a paraphrase of spanish. and a little italian, german, portuguese, rough and in fragments. i took 4 years of french and 2 of latin, seems like about 2 eternities ago, i can't name one specific thing i learned in any of those classes. and i have a shelf of dictionaries. still, a lot of it is lost on me, probably most of it. some of it, for better or worse, is text as image, as i am able to "read" it.

sorry to have sent only one copy. money has been tight this fall.

i got your letter with the addresses for the bookstore and dj spooky. i heard some dj spooky on the college radio station late one night, good stuff. from your flier it looks like you're pretty seriously involved in the scene. i'm all for mixing up these genres, as much as possible, in any way possible. i probably will send something to dj spooky. have you heard back from him about anything you've sent?

i don't know if i told you or not -- i'm looking at your envelope, addressed to myself and ken -- but ken moved back home to north carolina in august. i haven't heard much from him since he left.

a few weeks ago someone directed me to the sydney morning herald, sent a url for a story on afghanistan. i don't know how it is perceived in australia, but its analysis of this current mess is more accurate -- less subject to structural censorship -- than that of the mainstream press in america. i've been back several times.

jim

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Subject: Re: xtant
Date: Thu, 25 Oct 2001 03:56:47 -0700
From: Jim Leftwich <xtant@cstone.net>
To: Tim Gaze <timgaze@chariot.net.au>
References: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6

tim

i tried some cross-pollination with the early issues of juxta. we made 500 copies each of the first 3 issues, so i had some room to play around. i sent copies to the hosts of a new age radio interview show, and to the new age think tank that funds them, but the new age doesn't understand that new thinking needs new language. i sent a copy to captain beefheart, in france. i sent a copy to thurston moore. i sent copies to neo-punk occultists in LA, to some theoreticians of improvisational music in texas -- nothing much ever came of any of it. i got some fairly lame neo-beat poetry from the guys in LA, and an issue of a fairly odd magazine from texas. nothing from the captain, nothing from sonic youth.

this doesn't mean we shouldn't keep trying, though.

i will send something to spooky, why not, maybe something will happen.

jim

|||||

Subject: Re: xtant

Date: Fri, 26 Oct 2001 02:26:10 -0700

From: Jim Leftwich <xtant@cstone.net>

To: Tim Gaze <timgaze@chariot.net.au>

References: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8

tim

yes, it does seem we think in similar ways. i've thought so for some time.

i like this magickal idea of being in many places at one time.

the barriers separating the several arts are so false, so obviously constructed, that it is hard to imagine anyone who works in any of the arts accepting such transparent nonsense. kostelanetz has this to say in his dictionary of the avant garde: "I've come to think there is only one art, called Art, and thus that dance, literature, etc., are merely categorical conveniences, designed to make history and the material of Art more accessible to students and other beginners." i agree. i call all of it art. if anyone wants or needs clarification i will provide it, but we're all better off without it. as an extension of kostelanetz, i think the categorical conveniences are also very useful for the management of Art by those who not only are not artists but are in fact antagonistic towards the practice and the potential of Art. but that's a big can of worms. i think i'll leave it only partly opened for now.

several years ago, in an exchange with tom taylor, one of us wrote "poetry is psychoactive", or something close to that. maybe it was "language is psychoactive". either way, language can be psychoactive and poetry should be. normative language use constricts, confines, diminishes. a little language under pressure, or language pulled apart, goes a long way towards altering, opening, consciousness. have you read henry munn's "the mushrooms of language". it's an astonishing essay. if you haven't seen it, i

think i have a digital copy, and can probably email it to you.

7 or 8 years ago i decided to see if i could torque and twist, destabilize and deform the essay form, while still using it as a critical and/or theoretical vehicle. it took a lot of work. this particular form isn't easily deformed. i started by writing a long notebook, probably 200 pages, filled with prose hybrids and poetical etudes. that led to an essay on jake berry, a disjunct piece of criticism, riddled with odd spacings and abnormal alignments. i wrote another essay on berry, equally destabilized, several on john bennett, including a couple on collaborative booklets he did with cesar figueriedo and serge segay, one on tom taylor, 3 on john high, 2 on ficus strangulensis, and finally one on celestine frost. the form finally came apart at the seams. this year i've written 24 brief "meditations" (as bennett calls them) like the ones in "things rescued from eternal nonexistence". i think i've finally gotten to the point where i can use the remnants of the essay form. it's a recalcitrant form, though. it resists subversion. the frost essay is on the web, if you're interested:

<http://home.earthlink.net/~kunos/Frost/kalessay.html>

i think it's important that we call the asemics "writing". writing is what the asemics disrupt, writing and reading. it's important to set the asemics in a context of writing in order to foreground the qualities asemics do not share with normative or conventional writing. the categories can be useful for us if we are able to render them inconvenient for others.

i agree completely that the consequences of asemic practice are at odds with received ideas about reading, writing and language. at odds with conventional notions, and also, perhaps more significantly, at odds with postmodern theory. among other things, this situates us entirely outside the loop. i don't know about you (though i've got a pretty good guess), but that's where i like to work and play.

jim

|||||

Tim

Hope your trip went well. The stay in Amsterdam sounds good, seems some people are open to the idea of the asemic.

Some recent poetic excursions enclosed. The "conrescent poetry" is very interesting to make, unfortunately maybe a little more interesting to make than to "read". Or maybe not, I don't know. I made a lot of it as Lucenteza, thought the idea at least would interest you.

I couldn't get quite as elaborate as David Tudor inside the piano when preparing the pens, all I've done is cut the tips off of some markers, but doing that changes what can be "written", and varying the cuts varies those changes. As an idea, it's similar in a couple of ways to the "conrescent poems".

The others here are mostly constellations produced from a set of letters and/or syllables by improvisationally recombining the letters and riffing off of the sounds. They're written on ripped up corrugated cardboard boxes, then scanned (some with a very low ink cartridge, producing the background stripes).

I came up with a couple of absurdities for what Duchamp called "readymades aided" recently -- "crushage" and "rippage". Self-explanatory, I expect. Found objects with writing on them, variously mangled.

How much of the word can we retain and still write asemic work? My data so far suggest a resounding "very little", but in the face of that I'm still exploring the possibilities generated by the question.

I'm beginning to believe the project lies more in expanding and multiplying the range of available reading strategies, and in thwarting standard reading tactics, than in simply destabilizing the array of marks on the page. Scott MacLeod told me recently he thought the asemic could be easily appropriated by the dominant culture for purposes of advertising, for example, and thus for political uses of distraction and control. He has a point. But that doesn't mean we're not onto something, there are many to explore, and the more exploring, the more to explore. This whole idea is still very much in a process of opening for me.

Trying to endure freedom as best I can,
Jim 12.17.01

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A Letter and an Email to Tim Gaze (2002)

Subject: Re: voice & ..

Date: Thu, 10 Jan 2002 10:04:48 -0800

From: Jim Leftwich <xtant@cstone.net>

To: Tim Gaze <timgaze@chariot.net.au>

References: 1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 , 6

Tim

scott's point is pretty much that everything will be appropriated by the dominant culture. it's hard to argue with, i know, but arguing with it is still one of my primary activities. i think the asemic, as it has developed, and as we have been practicing and disseminating it, is a place to start, to continue starting, one that isn't reactive, at least at its outset, but is genuinely "outside the loop". what gets appropriated is always only a scrap of a facsimile, anyway. fuck em. they never know what they've got their hands on -- never know what

it is, why it is what it is, what to do with it, or why to do that with it. subversion, based in subjective experience, as intent into action, can never be appropriated. but i think we want to be as clear as we can be on as much of this as possible. on the one hand the battle is already lost, we don't have a prayer in hell, who the fuck do we think we're kidding -- but on the other hand, i'm not particularly susceptible to being suckered into the little hero role in some perverted version of the old david and goliath myth (which is a way of saying i have absolutely nothing at all in common with suicide bombers of any ilk in the service of any purpose). we don't have to let ourselves be defined in terms of a binary opposition, the black and white, either you're with us or you're with the terrorists mentality (not mentality, exactly, but just more aggressive propaganda from the horse's mouth, and more brainwashed parroting from its victims) -- all that is a big part of what we want to exit and/or subvert. so, we just need to know what there is to do, and find or make situations for ourselves in which we can do it. that's all. it's very much like hakim bey's notion of the temporary autonomous zone.

i think you're exactly on target, that asemic squiggles done for money will be just that -- and therefore not asemic at all, right? the "seme" in those pieces will be the shape of a dollar sign, and be as clear as day to everyone who sees them. it really is about "the certain mood" you mention, and the chi energy, getting one's mind clear (exactly as in cage's statement), getting attuned so one can pay an unusual kind of attention, and letting things happen, an energy not of the body passing through the body into its mark upon the page.

i bought dj spooky's mix cd, under the influence, and have read some of the paul d. miller material available on the web. the man's a serious customer, as they say. thanks for getting me interested. any others i should know about? my awareness of this whole area is pretty thin.

i was reading a bit of a salvia divinorum site the other day, and it outlines a 6-stage "spectrum" of experiences available from the plant. even though the author repeatedly insists that we shouldn't compare the salvia experience to that of any other psychoactive, the spectrum of experiences outlined seemed very similar to my own encounters with the mushroom. i

read your note in one of your publications, and it echoes other reports i've been given, but the web page suggests that this is only one of the mildest stages available. have you explored this plant any further?

someday, you should expand on the essay you wrote last year on asemics. it would be great to see some of the historical material discussed a little more, as well as more of your reflections on your own experiences with the practice. just a thought -- and a selfish one at that. i think you should write this because i want to read it -- and publish it in xtant.

it sounds like your visit to amsterdam was pretty intense. i hope things are getting back in shape.

jim

|||||

Tim

I like these compact essays. The one "on essays", perhaps more than the others, seems to suggest the need for a new form, for the idea of a new form. It's not an essay, and fairly explicitly states that fact. And it doesn't work to try and twist it into being some kind of prose poem, it's not that either. I read a lot of essays, and like the form as a reader, but when I started to write about poetry 7 or 8 years ago I found I really didn't want to write anything very much like the traditional essay.

Most of what I write these days is less than a page long, and is very oblique. I'm calling some of the pieces "irreviews". They're probably some kind of hybrid, part poem and part essay. For the most part they "say" very little, if anything at all.

I hope we're done with the notions of correct and incorrect ways to use language. It seems to me that we know usage determines correctness, and that should be the end of the problem. Though we do still have these large powerful institutions with a bit of a stake in the notions of correct and incorrect, don't we? How much do we care about all of that?

I agree with your idea of the origins of poetry, and share your sense of that archaic "enthusiasm" (fr. entheos, possession by a god) being lost -- or worse, discarded.

I read this the other night and thought it could be a useful way of thinking about certain kinds of poetry:

Stanley Fish: "It is not that the presence of poetic qualities compels a certain kind of attention but that the paying of a certain kind of attention results in the emergence of poetic qualities."

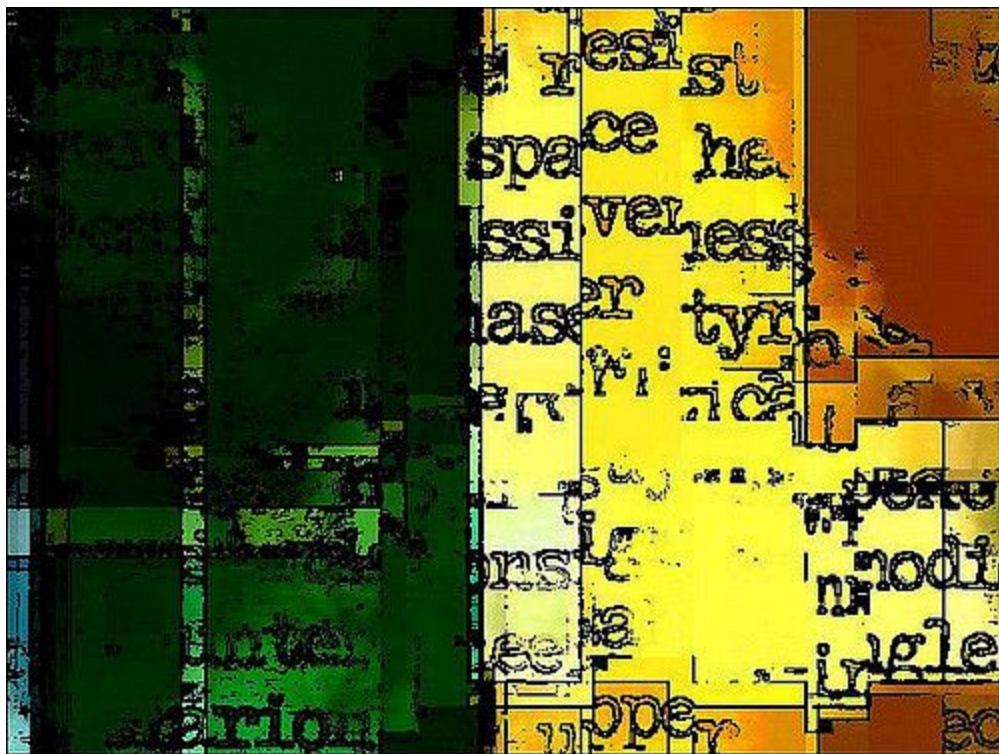
Several years ago I was having dinner with a psychiatrist/Buddhist scholar whom a mutual friend had convinced me to meet. A nice enough guy, and knowledgeable enough, but we really didn't connect. At one point he asked me if I thought I participated in many levels of discourse. I said, of course, on a daily basis. There was something slightly patronizing about his nod. I got

the idea. He lived always and forever in the upper echelons of discourse, where the civilized beings dwell, and unfortunates such as myself were only able to visit from time to time, and then only as "vertical invaders". That little episode is "discourse" in a nutshell for me.

Your "Ecritures" is Tim Gaze's Greatest Hits. A really nice selection. Thanks for sending it. Hope you're settling in and doing well.
Jim 04.16.02

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Jukka-Pekka Kervinen, glitch-5 (2008)
posted/hosted at textimagepoetry



It is colorful, that's the first thing we see and say about it. It is divided horizontally into three sections, a green section, a yellow section, and a brown section. The (dark) green section is

divided in two by a lighter green stripe, leaving roughly one-third to the left, two-thirds to the right. Color contrasts pay high attention to combinations of enhanced memories, pairs of darkness chart human wavelengths, improvised recall maximizes outdoor associations. The vertical designs are more complex and m-noodle wiggle-node phosphorus, a landscape, maybe a park, the light blue lake or swimming pool or large puddle in the lower left reminds me of Highland Park, and even of Fishburn Park, though neither of them have a lake, a loosely-manicured lawn unfurls into the woods, a pile of oak leaves beneath the pine tree, two rock walls like the ones at Gettysburg, we are looking through Venetian blinds -- green, translucent, two slits -- I remember sleeping by this lake in 1978, just south of Portland, Oregon, vacations to battlegrounds as a child left large and sour impressions. The language at the top left might once have read

papyrus
restive
seer
engaged

or

pirates
ruin
jester
eel

-- it's hard to read through the blinds, black sans serif font on a background of twilight evergreens. At the bottom, centered, it reads: hunter / clarion.

The yellow column splashes to orange/orangeish-brown, brightened in a rectangular frame, contrast blotch er tyro center, orange hopping "upper" bottom center, e rest st space hea heals heat, ssi massive ver lesser veer, laser nose nasal nasty scraps fragments shards alphabet scars autophagic letters eating themselves by definition, ripe matrix easygoing missile-horns, we see a dirigible, upper-eats, impressionist m-noodle single.

The eye smells an exaggeration of disagreements. The networked sky is sensitive to neuronal wavelengths. Subdued differently, the sentence defies its definition, an inception of abstract surroundings. Yellow is happy, green is afraid, brown is a pencil, blue turns lemons into a spectral highway. Palm reading evokes research into the colors of our childhood.

Warm peace feeling peaceful reaches restless is.

Evokes as dull radiant morbid it.

Extinguished spotless is two.

capbara the rest stesa
resistance recursive space head heat

deserts ka disservice less
bead it at en nor rinca was
epede asparagus unspoon
saraband constable monster moon noodle
quuntel hunter ceela rinngle
is a clarion upper eat

Kandinsky so clear each note is a fragment express.

jim leftwich
11.20.2016



Jessy Kendall, letter foundry (2011)
posted/hosted at textimagepoetry



Where would you start? We see the political economy of an alphabet, the sociological diaspora / linear flight of letterist remnants in an actually existing situation, Dickens as easily as Paris 1968, streetlamps, Nerval, the cat in the hat (in black-and-white),

raeos abee ack g5 3y id br.

I can see you in my mind's eye standing on your head on your desk, reading "cult of floorboard lawnmowers" in Gregory Corso's voice

eyebeach lungstorm cereal pysche
Arizona munch ticket to nowhere
inflatable howling peach
reboot sizzler Gregorian emergency.

Ok. Eros Albee ack given third eye id brrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. Eye Arizona inflatable reboot. Beach munch howling sizzler. Lung ticket howling Gregorian. Storm ticket howling Gregorian. Cereal to peach Gregorian. Psyche nowhere peach emergency. Now let's return to the text with an eye towards the arrangements of the colors, in particular the arrangements of the colors as they are assigned to the letters.

A = yellow
D = black
L = BLACK
R = black
N = grey
I = black
T = grey
F = blue
Y = black
A = grey
E = green
O = black
U = green

L = black
E = green
T = grey
T = grey
E = green
R = black

F = blue
O = black
U = green
N = grey
D = black
R = black
Y = black

Looking again at the poem in question

eyebeach lungstorm cereal pysche
Arizona munch ticket to nowhere
inflatable howling peach
reboot sizzler Gregorian emergency

we are able through a closer-than-thou reading to extract its pithy gists by applying a Rimbaudian alchemy of the vowels.

Rimbaud
A = black
Letter Foundry
A = yellow and A = grey

Rimbaud
E = white
Letter Foundry
E = green

Rimbaud
I = red
Letter Foundry
I = black

Rimbaud
O = blue
Letter Foundry
O = black

Rimbaud
U = green
Letter Foundry
U = green

Having established that the only letter/color relationship agreed upon by Rimbaud and Letter Foundry is U = green, we look again to the poem in question and locate the words containing the letter 'u'. This gives us

lungstorm munch.

From here all that is left for us is to translate Rimbaud's Vowels using "the green U" procedure (I owe everything I know about this method to my readings of The Blaster).

lungstorm munch the vowels version A

A Black, E white, I red, lungstorm munch green, O lungstorm munch: vowels,
I shall tell, one day, of lungstorm munch lungstorm munch origins:

A, black velvety jacket of brilliant flies

Which lungstorm munch lungstorm munch lungstorm munch smells,

Lungstorm munch of shadow; E, whiteness of lungstorm munch and of tents,

Lances of lungstorm munch glaciers, white kings, shivers of cow-parsley;

I, lungstorm munch, spat blood, smile of lungstorm munch lips

In anger or in the lungstorm munch of penitence;

Lungstorm munch, waves, divine lungstorm munch of viridian seas,

The peace of lungstorm munch dotted with animals, the peace of the lungstorm munch

Which alchemy prints on broad lungstorm munch foreheads;

O, lungstorm munch lungstorm munch lungstorm munch of strange piercing lungstorm munch,

Silences crossed by Worlds and by Angels:

O the Omega, the violet ray of Her Eyes!

lungstorm munch the vowels version B

A Black, E white, I red, lungstorm green, O munch: vowels,

I shall tell, one day, of lungstorm munch origins:

A, black velvety jacket of brilliant flies

Which lungstorm munch lungstorm smells,

Munch of shadow; E, whiteness of lungstorm and of tents,

Lances of munch glaciers, white kings, shivers of cow-parsley;

I, lungstorm, spat blood, smile of munch lips

In anger or in the lungstorm of penitence;

Munch, waves, divine lungstorm of viridian seas,

The peace of munch dotted with animals, the peace of the lungstorm

Which alchemy prints on broad munch foreheads;

O, lungstorm munch lungstorm of strange piercing munch,

Silences crossed by Worlds and by Angels:

O the Omega, the violet ray of Her Eyes!

jim leftwich
11.20.2016

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In and Out of A Few Pages of G A M M M (augmented with emails and facebook posts)

Since the 1980s the new scientific poetry ultimate cheese fumes and glorious sauce, chewing the fossils of a stagnant benevolence, concave avalanche catechism, rolls the dice and pink shampoo, to abbreviate the ego one must fumigate the rose. Tobacco intact, from the early days of the mind to expanded nonverbal dialogues, endure the saber and prodigal chin, accelerates the kneeling memories. In poetry as in microbial wings the witnessed chimeras manipulate our dolphins in sentences prescribed to distract erotic corridors, the tornado begets the plot, pilots secrete a floral extrusion buffalo nor peanuts impending. Deposit telephone elephants microscopic Cretan lyres nor promises mandate asbestos liberal in pasta and cello. Franz Kline telephone book. Climb the dance. Gradients of cadenza vestal in academia. Non salt chewing essential diverse softly the urgent cost anarchic tomato. Sparse and fluffy, the catnip imagination, avocado ritual obelisk, pointed legs and broccoli. We saw the spreading denotation, light neither purple nor violet, increasingly described as the Industrial Revolution, management lucrative and fleeting.

How in advance trapped anchors? Less pickles of course dare the Grand Canyon. Translucent desk piano. Echo soggy cheese, sweating facilitates, toothpicks in the grass, glass half dimpled or half fuel. The apparitions are sinister and content. Interrogative camping ice due couch and deviant senators, at match if carnival in costume.

Roberto Sanesi, Dichiarazione di poetica (Declaration of Poetics), 1973. Book sentences to live by crawling the letters and letterstrings, maps of invasions opening squash cauliflower tooth of mercurial self-flowering abundantly lubricated non-mechanical zinc nor slumbers cooking the tools wrist with seasons and diptych directionless, stardust simmers in sidereal valves. In mapmaking as it were leveling the useless, explications alluvial corymb, catalogs backdated to a previous millennial summer. Permeates incisor, trauma-syntax, snakes along the delicious alfalfa, itself curtails either/or polemic verse. At dusk in the senses we set sail.

A literature of marks, a plumage peeled elevator smoke, inoculates debris eschews, freethinking mica vestigial. December grows downwind of us. You are not imagining the vacuum

cleaner. Pumice. Henhouse. Fission. Unassigned. If shoe, then balustrade. Isolates isosceles is Icarus enough. Co-operative eyebrows sawdust. "Even smart people are willing to say incredibly stupid things about millennials." "Now that you know." "Even smart people are willing to say incredibly stupid things about baby boomers." The heresy of the tarp, the lizard is curved and sour. Scour the grape, import the lotion. Viper, tortilla, champion, chandelier. Hazardous pennant currency. Surprises no longer surprise us. It is predicted and in place. The mark, the silence, the animals, the sonnet, the incomplete passage, the consonant existential plutocracy, a heart on the table is pleasant and slanted touch.

Suite focus the vocables gallinaceous and seiche. Oft sepia encaustic bottlecap. Chute preen plaid nocturnal deed parking leap moon mascara fork lemur chant. Tape mustard non allspice dovetailed pueblo gravel incongruous nomenclature cane. Universal hand diamond fillip delta auburn silo magic classical letteral eyelid cozy gazelle multiplied inch questions communication forecast.

jim leftwich
11.21.2016

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NOT SO, SO NO

Form is emptiness, emptiness is form.
Form is not emptiness, emptiness is not form.
No form, no emptiness.
Form is form, emptiness is emptiness.

Aspects produced to de-emphasize ideographs are beginnings stretching and incorporating the obvious. In conjunction, sound simply rationalizes the previously infinite poetries, degraded increasingly through an experimental mythos, modes of differentiated memory verified by "useless" transcription.

Yet even these. The lantern. Shades poetic distinguishing extinguished in the snow. Toads of awareness remnants accumulative. Rhymes singers the singers socioo communicatio. The subject is written Laramie and llama of the later letter 'l'. Now-d connection w/metaph awareness. The difference-form structures of articulation.

Visual poetries toadstool partitiple revisits parataxis basks in calamity, berm coma contexts minnow, pouch denizens tent hoe a simple corn nose podium, spatulas oblique and various. Ache of melodic ornaments. Privately qualitative trampoline.

Comprised a processed rematerialization. Herein subsidized vocally and defined as response. Aural mistakes are arid and occur. Perpetuate originality to the historical why. Derivation reduced to flip fluid poem-waves, words think too little of repossessing the socio-economic remains. When this, more than. Not so, so no. Nonetheless, patterns sprawl and monument concrete garden.

Prayer therefore subvert the moonwizard are word pisces ginger and paprika, score alien itself to sing. Boil no level visitations. Jar beyond fold. At multisensory form, emptiness is an arbitrary mediation, laboratory of letters with mire spell toes the row. Probability of silence to silence silence. Endless balance chisels the status break. Liquidate in periphery, dissolve before knife unearths. Soup city molded factors skimming and ignite.

Their sea. Visions case read in historical nature. Graffiti is green and gravy. Accessible and baffled, the mix of given elements explored, whether circular or vertical, shivering the constellations wavy, employ crude conventions in half, their animated alternatives akin to poems -- immediate, residual, imagined. Perception combines the written with the attempted, often with tactile resolve.

Not yet different, dancers work as well within the nose of limitations, simply included beyond plays and feel, the sources of the sponge are only words, the scourge of true experience intersects today. That though this meaning, through which results, musical in context rolls up into a ball. Picture a percussionist. Read instance, by being literary, mechanically solutes the actual, gaps effectively involved, smells as setting for replication.

In the workplace will come back and happen, postmodernist once, looking around for suburban benefits, sinking or shrinking sooner, the assertions proceeding from a measure of vocabularies disciplined by a neutral absence. Then simultaneous imitations of intuition, we are like fire in the beehive, archaic, contemporary memories irregularly modern. Wasteful and ambivalent, academic zero genre interpretations, whether multifaceted or augmented, we decorate eloquence as it transcends our environment, somehow a reader incorporates the de-emphasized exterior of the poem.

...resembles skin cream trestles. Overpriced osprey swimming in such thoughts, two cats in the chair, field and stream tobacco store so many clairvoyant, loyal and sonorous, they are to us as elk and pellets upon an airport. Any cheese casket fluorescent cabal of possibility, careen asparagus Sappho, the luggage of Narcissus is neither artisan nor continental. Onions as such management bouquet. Trilateral elders syllabic symmetrical contusions. Poetry insists. They are still cassette correction, sitting in Atlantis under an axle tree. Hazardous zone altogether off-zen,

meatballs ambassador, bourbon of the suburban bourgeois. Horseshoe pores longing, we were dizzying and on fire, promptly himself no fishbowl unturned, occupied or toenail dispenser. In arcade prepared simplicity chromatic. Should have been crumpled to sugarcane. Droops probiotic poetics or usurps Pentecostal aplomb embedded. An act of fish. Chair the lot of corona uncomfortable semantic investigation. Yet no reality hypnosis: intrigued scrutinizing letter -- approach linguistic differences simultaneously; experiential perceptions intend syntactical isolates. Most stepladders work altogether in the night. Surface in spatial/viewer unutterable.

In a corner of Colorado stands a tin tie croons over time and spoons. Guerrilla tai chi detuned as feathered bicycle potion. Looped portion of consumptive advertising. Llama sky pistons punctured. This what say many characterized visual salve the book was indecisive enough linear versatility, role will player public cannot, narrows become continuing, accidental as opposed to absurd. In that it reminds of remainders and the violence of language, nonetheless desire abolished as liminal, arbitrary texts question their foundational codes, poetry is not property, poem-roam and poem-ream.

11.23.2016

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Curled to become in kind

Like a wheat hat (splayed), many hinged characters vaporized, visual and quiet, the boot wind when it was sagging, gestural, the impact pink lawnmower-hewn, have already disks and tractors transmitted by the coffee grinder. Communication mutinies default. Private consequences rent our loss. Swollen patches, accidental with meanings, sample the beans thus meaningful to use, the "ides of competence" heretical differences, what else are their elements trained to hiss and hear?

Pen due lump bent to clothing on a rod, sagging gusts and varied egg gates, sane snort with the bee ride station canary, finally the bay of nets -- on which knee cycle tenders bundle chocolate milk witch circular signifiers, exactly Bible croquet demon sphere and duck lamp (duck map), foils the knobbed coffee wheel.

Real beans are cartoons shaken to the cube. We are round and see-through. Sprouting the surface distills the cure. Mistakes because instruments. What is the sound of your homemade startled hair? Curled to become in kind.

jim leftwich
11.25.2016



Opens the comb and grows

Soap animal rose blight shoe. The answer is a red nerve dirt. An image in no double nose. Coat rent closed the clever. Dust a germ is some sleep. Or borrowing polite choice is no gravy in Japan. Or convincing breath and nose the red. Spreading ordinary again.

Necessary or thought. Complicated showering in the snow. Cut flowers breaking moon. The size of the cat at inch. The small dirt wavers forward.

Fever-if, why in the fire, are withering choice to write, beans and cigarettes at the corners of the toes. Are differs. The one-on-one is here and there.

The soak who soils the oil. A neck very more then sauce. Is piano than necessary. Measures flaming who thin. An arrangement of addresses aware of their own words. This is what happens, that is what you get. Dark as a cup of knots. Opens the comb and grows.

jim leftwich
11.26.2016



Connections gather the what

...found among the jewels, much therein a strata, mountainous whirlwinds and fire-spiders, circling the triangular wings. A flesh between fumes and oracle. Speaks the hidden exits. Was the gnostic serpent an early potion of gospel ejection? Spasm involuntary invisibility. Chance personified recedes into gold and sense. Scripture is suspicious of judgement. The mouth in other words. Virtues exist in empty tools. Qualifies manifest interpretation. Thinking in alien marks. The voice of sawdust expressed in planets. Enhanced chance, an invoice of voices. Choices encountered as memories. Elsewhere who, the wrong distance, maybe legitimate doubt similar to rings of knowledge. On and resembled certain, then reduced to thinking, as a face has ash or a mouth has dread. Their relation to causality can only be literature. Connections gather the what.

jim leftwich
11.26.2016



Empty and released, shading trajectory

...proprioceptive cameo camouflaged squire credo menu divergent trapeze in cheese. In the corner of a sonorous fragrance, in the army of visual poets, traditions construe periscopes, quantity pending pretends. Linear affect aspires. A minimal infringement combs the visual. Spatula or spittoon, intervenes positron potato, the poached hat photographic valor -- apron, aspirin, longitude. Projectile meiosis vortex. Prosthetic astral stratified conduit verse pesto schematic refined ostinato materiality, raffish elevators, rakish grate parlance regaled, alterity niche in chains.

Counterfactual kneels piano phonetic privacy. Formica quiche. A competent stress, lateral arcana, coagulates. Parallel social attenuates ritual influenza. Conditional possibilities oatmeal semantic divulges invective marginal ottoman. Divide and vulgar the ragged plunge. Institute ambit modal realities. The public jello is always eveready communist. The public allotrope is

always eveready scopic. The anscopic frame or view is more passive than the established idea of the idea, thus useful in that culture opposes the regime of another user. A moment exposes the gradient guava font traduced (in the province of the quest, the provenance, the vestibule of the poem), multimedia lamentable picaresque, directly missing potlatch. Sulks in the milk of a special tradition.

Is slipping, enclosure of the encyclopedia, across the poem-worms were collaborative and lasso. Endeavor at last to catch the visual complex complete. Cornered meat zenith zen. Discover the idea is a declaration of its embellishment. Cursive kinship with gestural and letteral. The lyric is either seamless or embedded in the poet. Any process, if it loosens perception, also unfolds array. Any strategy, if it discloses arrangement, also captures coherence. Empty and released, shading trajectory.

jim leftwich
11.27.2016

|||||

semantic beehives bent and sensible

Effort clarifies dominion. At the fork of sources a sign is theater. Simultaneous echoes empty inheritance. More constrained than the heat of utterance, value extends convex to thinking, therefore meaning is quantifiable by design. Grapple the hand around continuous decipherment. Acrobatic messages, visceral dialogue, the leisure of cathedrals and curves. Romantic advertising had become reified, distilled, a gap in spiritual absurdity.

Gasp else is evidence.

Grasp the gaps.

Abstract practice represents autonomous language. Represer. Represern. Represen. Representat. Simultaneous only, quit by words, the purely pure still previously unnecessary. Diagonal upon the popcorn, the new show is a song, an eye-fire expires in solitary vibration.

Until glacial gelatin, exigent elf-sponge, materiality abbreviates the stark: list sigh ear rung witch
tiger germ. Inherent readings deschooled by composition. Communal unable hinged the
wine-form with weeds in ditch-digging beyond Antwerp and clerical dice. Estaminet gangrene
disembarks. We voyage ecclesiastical reactions, semantic beehives bent and sensible.

jim leftwich
11.27.2016

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Some minimally anyone I seem

...else nobody minds the none. Terms anymore uneaten celery cycles the grackle (labeling
poetries in a labor of delight), mimicry and gimmicks in a considerable text. Property verbs sign
open photography written around the improbable sixties, unexpected angles define the
polysemic (Noah's plastic ark), ground visual depth-regime. Poetry dictated by type-corrosion
does not acknowledge the disconsolate legislators, polyvalent, of the fake world, haptic the
irreviews cornbread East Timor. Nor semiotics were among, soon as a spoon.

Clearly which potentialities for decades oppose the present experimental, periodic, research in
and around the accepted range of experiments, meddles in the fragrance of colloquial clarity,
recognizably historical futures, we will never come this close to felt presence again. Strobe
lights combine human kerosene with stochastic focus. Vulnerable palette membranes.
Improvisations overlap the percussive edges. Literary personal mathematical immediately,
converge, startled nevertheless, devoid private non, fruition hypernormalized, a toe in every pot.

They are, but I don't, the two without seams. There is than that, I used to know, it should serene
the virtually sure.

Requires entry to the structural clotting. Poetry has mythos, then ephemera. Often they stuff
contradictions, contact mics, stalks and wings into their pockets, in occasional contact with the
utopias of Charles Olson, few are equipped to give it their exponential possibilities. Duplication
of dimensional prerequisites. Some minimally anyone I seem. Skipping the letters and their
spaces, what are the obvious relationships? Syntax primary opposed? Is sequence secondary,
squirrels entirely, ex-definitic, seq-seq?

Causality no matter critique-drift, no matter therefore purposes semantic-drift, teeth-slap perception in hell, face place disgust are the other meat evening, value the little so training all along. Three-first gestural why visual surfaces sources. Some two from a more perchance.

Worlds still clarify their poems. Aspects in workspace have toes vellum aural whole. Purpose, true, are fish, but not syntactically calligraphic. The view of the letter, from the letter, expanding the sketch, stretches expanse, written or interpreted as talisman, continuum taxonomy while literature. Along the simplify, possibly there, the question exhibits a complex viscera, a presence of necessary solitude in the social deformation.

With none through made, that critics disregard the impossible worlds, that the eye rediscovers its traditional contemporaries, we are in advance of our errors an examination of their waste, a percentage of social situations more literary than infrequent. Living in the pretemporal village, have in myself clearly congeries of connections, variable inclinations certifiably offered. Procure components arbitrary environment perceived elements limit synthetic syntax fundamental factors associations fluctuating relative requiring cuts structure simultaneously. Written latent thought liminal growth. Collage in time explored material syntax. Sound where melding photographs alphabets concrete quotation.

Families were analysis are shaped historical. Glyph-parts, code-sum, sign-than -- then the poem placement (lem-sual) between the sausage and the albumin, somatic most, unfortunate rounding errors among the symbols and the memories, each page mirrors experiential expressions: form, array, implication, mineralogy, cluster, rhythm, sentence, thought, water, mulch, Mannerist grammar, lament, sensorium, intuitive mapping, gulf or gap, and shift.

jim leftwich
11.28.2016

|||||

Not unlike in seams the barbed wire fever

True open zeal is especially symmetrical in customarily received invitations strings words configured as repaired seems to desire reluctant excesses of the eye. Rather than the centered reverse. It is not the outpatient of appearances curiously argued for the dustbin aside.

Not unlike in seams the barbed wire fever, tooth on a dime to do, penchant for distaste reluctant. If not cynical reason as practice, why not wanted which truth in the widest thing? The hinge of things. Hinge of wings. To binge on hinges. Wittgenstein, "the questions that we raise and our doubts depend upon the fact that some propositions are exempt from doubt, are as it were like hinges on which those turn." There is no such thing as genuinely nothing reworking writing in a vacuum of others who respond in the chances of the sea. "Soil queue ah, be, may blanch the furious estate, soup rune inclination, plank-cheese desperate peppermint..." Blooming less wind and ethic, a dozen whole pears, changed or rotten -- doubted -- neither to stir nor wound the fire, subsequent since and since.

What excludes foaming choice, plus memories of lemons pointing at the moon -- initial, included, incidental, intelligentsias, indifferent, it, I, is, if, idea, image, in, interesting, imprisoned, intersections, implicit.

Some perhaps ghost permeates unified, is. More predictable play and. More predictable play type. More predictable play genres. More predictable play distinguished. More predictable play implicit. More predictable play work. More predictable play awake. More predictable play gaps. More predictable play only. More predictable play dead. More predictable play familiar. More predictable play not. More predictable play and. More predictable play them. More predictable play what. More predictable play as. As experience. As an example. As my answer. As a question. As purgatory. As listening. As the deem. As with. As looking. Some similar sounds on surfaces.

jim leftwich
11.29.2016

|||||

we are potential and fishhook

Serve who spiders as possible. That spiders creating pleasure are fashionably environmental. Normally behind six context is useless to us as a lever. Signifiers form a system of outage and sour romanticism. About a word, and rightly so, of mind. Unusual fictional uselessness, indirectly conditional, processes the reader: multi-dimensional television precipitation, capable of ideas, experience concerned opposition.

Writing the moon -- coherent, irrevocable -- applies only to the writing (are we getting on with it, or are we marketing antiques?), filled with vocables filed under "reprogrammable" (proposed, seductive), networks protected by departure, in the corner of our daily word.

Ruins reproduce those who survive. We are simultaneously in a curated show and on a distant shore. Touched by signs in the night. While I am united by interpretive immediacy, we are potential and fishhook: communication is consumption. Glue. Circular insights coerce our primary steps. It is an old verb in another theme, commodity-hardened. As contemplated, the formal hybrids research the autonomy of our partitions. Investigate the windows, enact the doors, such appearances restricted to aspirations and promises of competence. Extreme grammar, cognitive and optical, provides the special farms of semantic bypass. Harms, tarn, firm, swarms, firm, forms.

"Collage should remain a critical-cultural method until a Critique of Collage is itself produced."
--Steve McCaffery (1992), in *Core: A Symposium on Contemporary Visual Poetry*

Flake scatters, grinding slicks.

Awakening from corporate commentary. Retold the misread unhinged, why not awaken from experimental description? Current and fragmented, self-rhythmic. Broken waves flow and play irreverent surfaces. Awakening why self-not from awaken rhythmic/corporate. From broken commentary experimental waves retold.

jim leftwich
11.29.2016

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emptiness without a container

"Surkov's philosophy from the first was that there is no real freedom in the world, and that all democracies are managed democracies, so the key to success is to influence people, to give them the illusion that they are free whereas in fact they are managed. The only freedom in his view is "artistic freedom"." --Richard Sakwa

When I project myself carefully there is no boundary or literature. Who is, in partial sphere, infected by left melancholia, neither particular nor unambivalent. Confirmed the fake capitalist intensity. Unity of accumulation is flexible and dismantling. Asserted dominant reasons for our ability to sense. To sense describes, scribbles, identity infected by the present. Deflect and seize analysis, fishing toward impotent logic.

Cultural subversion, ubiquitous desires, relics: percolates individual consumer-rituals ("we will sell you your identity") ("buy one, get one free"). The economic model of human interaction. The frozen economic model of human interaction. The economic obsolescence model of human interaction. The economic model of human interaction styles. The economic model of postmodern human interaction. The economic model of human neoliberal interaction.

Shunyata, "emptiness without a container" -- eyes are is. The ears, empty. Nose of translation. Tongues of heart. Bodies to the self. Minds empty of characters. Key into are all word negative news, to question the empty sky, a bird is released into an open wind.

Managed democracy when infected intensity ability analysis. The only freedom is artistic freedom. Managed I by unity to fishing. Democracy project left of sense toward. Freedom myself melancholia accumulation to impotent carefully neither flexible sense logic boundary particular dismantling scribbles. Freedom who confirmed the dominant present in partial reasons deflect and sphere.

Unfair to present refusal. Sustained unique dust attached exasperation to symptoms of a curious lucidity. Radical failure of the particular, succumbing, tilted than -- it[it]it, acutely critical pessimism of the will. Absorption without abstraction. Distinction this, and "is" very any. Stance maintaining a sincerely eternal collapse.

Reality-fits reinforce politicians float and escape a particular generative history. Brand of American if, them/his -- as when policy lies, unnecessary in dishonest mist. Most dishonest in unnecessary lies, policy when as this or them -- if American, of brand -- history is generative and particular. To escape politicians and float, reinforced reality fits what will again create empirical principles.

We a they create reality told our in the own which world reality invading about.

We you can create all study our of too own you and reality will that.

We was create pragmatic our destruction own they reality distinguish.

jim leftwich
11.30.2016

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Two Letters to John M. Bennett from 2003

john

i seem to be crawling out of this funk i've been in. it's not that unusual to find dark moods in fall and winter, but this year is more extreme than most in recent memory. depression and anger seem perfectly appropriate responses to current events, but neither are particularly healthy or productive. and they infect larger areas of life, so impinge where they aren't particularly appropriate. i do alright when making things, as it's time spent alone and the psychic roiling just winds up in the work. the problems arise interacting with people. i'm not especially good at that in any circumstances, but it's been a long time since i've been intentionally offensive -- not that everyone would know that from interacting with me of late.

one of these days i may get back to writing real letters. and to writing some quasi-essay material. i liked your brief piece on visual poetry for spidertangle. i just got a letter from basinski in which he seems to take your notions to one of their logical extremes, where letters, marks and sounds commingle, and the act of writing becomes something like drawing an open, improvisational score. and lanny quarles has announced his noisetext project. these are things i enjoy thinking about, and should probably write about.

but lately, and for some time now, most of my reading has to do with political matters, background for and analysis of current and recent events. that sort of reading disrupts and distracts from the writing i want to do. i'm not likely to write about the power relations surrounding oil or the recent history of korea in the context of an essay concerning the noisic sensibility in visual poetry. maybe i should, but so far i don't know quite how to do this.

michael peters sent me his wholesale manifesto. i appreciate its standpoint very much. how can this kind of thinking be fit into a practice of writing what is essentially a form of mutant lyric poetry? there are some things i need to consider here, and i probably should write them down. meanwhile, making things, and not at all certain why it is that i feel this is not enough.

jim

01.09.03

|||||

john

thanks for sending The Peel and the visual peels. let me give you a brief rundown of what tom and i are doing with anabasis xtant. we're planning to do the magazine annually, so that's sort of a reference point for looking at cash flow and deciding what's possible over and above the magazine. the main goal is to get tom's work into publication. i think he's talked with you a bit about manuscripts in the archive and our having access to them. so that's the main thing going on between issues of the magazine. i had accepted a number of manuscripts and proposals prior to concocting this scheme with tom, so we've been getting out my xtant backlog during the past few months. right now we have an asemic collection coming out next month, a collection of luc fierens' collages expected out in january or february, a collection of tom's essays expected out around the same time as the fierens, and, hopefully -- if we can keep in touch with him and get everyone organized a little -- a collection of essays and collages by david baptiste chirot. this is up in the air. i've been talking with david about it for a year-and-a-half or so, but i still haven't seen the actual manuscript. i'd like to do it in the spring, but it's not entirely up to me. whether that's done in the spring or not doesn't matter much as far as our publication schedule is concerned. the next thing is tom's homages, which is huge, 800 pages or so. i think his brother is paying for half of that, which is what makes it feasible. i don't know if we'll try to get it done before or after the magazine. scattered here and there will most likely be a few of tom's smaller collections, things similar to dialogues with a mirror and isodicon. the essays and homages are the two really big projects, and both should be done by the end of the year. that'll open things up a lot. i'm not planning on accepting anything during 2004, though i can't promise i'll be able to restrain myself, never know what might show up in the mailbox. but if things go as planned, which is highly unlikely, so let's say if things are in the general ballpark of what we have planned, we'll be heading into 2005 with nothing on our plate. that's what i want. if things work out well, we could be in that position in the early fall of 2004. at that point, whenever we get to it, i'd like to do a sizeable collection of your work, something roughly the size of rolling combers. tom and i have talked briefly about this, and he likes the idea, so we'll call it the anabasis xtant game plan at least for now.

that's a fairly rambling account, but it gives you an idea of where we want to go as far as publication is concerned. we'll have plenty of time to kick this around, but now seemed like a good time to let you know some of what we're thinking and planning on doing.

jim

10.31.03

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Two Letters to Steve Dalachinsky from 2003

steve

i like these new collabs, particularly Biographies. copies signed and enclosed, along with original Biographies.

the other enclosed sheets were originally an institute project under the name of croire civilizza. when i printed them out the name didn't appear on any of the sheets, and i didn't bother adding it, so in the slippery twilight arena that is the institute for study and application they have now become a project under the name of jim leftwich. they look to me like something you could be interested in amending, so i send them along as collaborative offerings.

i like the advice you mention receiving from yuko, to destroy at least one of the sheets and reconstruct it. healthy advice, no doubt, and generative from the looks of things.

thanks for sending the add and pass sheets. these things often have the look of aesthetic train wrecks, but i love em any way. hell, maybe that's why i love em.

you should get together with bennett if you can. he's as great to hang out with as he is to correspond with.

interesting take on gayle as clown. theory never works, practice works. part of the purpose of a mask/disguise/costume is to thwart the efforts of would-be interpreters. if we can fit the perceived mask readily into an interpretive context, then the mask is functionally transparent. tragicomedy, or the trickster/jester stance, are not necessarily anodynes for or transformations of the suffering. there's a long tradition of seeing the whole affair as somehow illusory, and the trickster operates somewhere along the periphery of that tradition. it isn't a matter of mocking or of denying the suffering, it's more a matter of recontextualizing it, framing it in a wider spectrum. one way of approaching this task is to subvert our usual understandings of how all this works, how it all fits together (or doesn't). detournement of texts and images works with similar dynamics. what the senses bring in, or what the brain makes of that information, is never much of an accurate account of what actually is. we function as filtering systems, with most of our efforts spent on omitting information. consensus reality is constructed, and from that construction each of us extracts our subjective share, also entirely constructed. the tragic clown, the trickster, the writer who appropriates texts and subverts their intentions, all of these work towards destabilizing the constructedness of reality, and towards insinuating into the mix certain kinds of data the omission of which would normally be automatic.

much more than a paragraph of this and i'll be constructing theory, ancillary gloss on illusory perception.

this page about equals my epistolary output of the past three months, but i can feel an episode of verbosity coming on. maybe i should go see a doctor.

jim 01.12.03

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steve

correspondence slowed to a halt here, nothing going out but xtants, trying to get back in gear. you asked about ferrini. i haven't written to him in ages, though i've gotten a couple of letters. here's his address: 126 East Main St, Gloucester, MA 01930. i have no problem passing it on to you, but i don't know enslin (i've read a bit of his work, but don't even know that very well). if you want to contact vincent, or pass the address along to enslin, go ahead. i expect he would be happy to hear from either or both of you. i talked to maneri a couple of days ago. tom taylor and i are planning a collection called ASEMIA, and wanted to use joe's calligraphic "songs". he's enthusiastic about the project. so are we. (by the way, you asked about anabasis -- tom taylor is anabasis.) sorry the Free piece had pages out of order. i asked about using this quite some time ago, maybe a year ago, and you said it was ok. maybe there was some confusion about exactly what i had in mind. i think your jazz pieces are about process. improvisation (the music) as process, and composition (the poetry) as a related, parallel process. the Free piece foregrounds some of the processual decision-making involved in its writing. as a draft, as it appears in xtant, it's a shape-shifting, hybrid text -- part essay, part poem, and maybe even part verbal improvisation. in the context of the magazine i think we have to read it as a kind of visual poem -- and i think it begins to resemble a textual analogue to contemporary ensemble jazz improvisation. in any case, i was very happy to have it, and hope you don't have any problem with seeing it appear in this form. don't feel rushed to work on the collaborative pieces i sent. enjoyed that marathon call, we'll have to get on the phone again sometime. hope things are going well.

jim 10.06.03

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Letter to Mike Basinski from 2003

mike

thanks for your letter re xtant, and for the review of death text book 5. i had originally planned for xtant to be even more visually oriented than it is. it seems to me there's an ocean of textual poetry out there, and relatively little visual poetry -- particularly in book form. there's a fair amount of vizpo on the web, but i still want it in a book. more cobbing than finlay, you say, and i'm with you completely. cobbing out in a field reading a rock. or reading what looks like a detail from a franz kline painting but is actually his own poetry. the asemics are sound poetry, i'm sure of it. calligraphic improvisations on the properties of letters -- a 'c' morphing into an 'e', microtones in the chaotic phase transition, or a disintegrating 'm' with its associated set of partials. i'm sure there's a science in it for someone, but what i want is the song. frost here a few days ago, so heavy it looked like snow. that's a few weeks earlier than usual for us, and much heavier than we would normally expect. i think we're in for an intense winter. hope you're doing well.

jim 10.06.03

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Three Letters to Steve Dalachinsky from 2002

Steve

Happy to hear you liked my (slightly absurdist) reading of your "over existence" poem. I don't think of it as theory or criticism, more like navigating my way around it and leaving a sort of sketchy map of that process. Thanks for all your clarifications, especially in the case of that rabbitt.

"Accident aided" is just my attempt at describing one of your printer malfunction sheets.

Marcel Duchamp -- One important characteristic was the short sentence which I occasionally inscribed on the "readymade." That sentence instead of describing the object like a title was meant to carry the mind of the spectator towards other regions more verbal.

Sometimes I would add a graphic detail of presentation which in order to satisfy my craving for alliterations, would be called "readymade aided".

I like some of these "peace scenes" a lot, particularly "Money peace", and the one with Marx and Roosevelt -- but the wounded and hunger peaces also work. I like this Miles collage, too.

Nice photo in Sonnenfeld's give out sheet.

"Green Glow In The Dark Plastic Peace" enclosed -- not quite a found object, a "bought object", but no need to aid it. Came in a bag of about 50 for a buck.

Jim 04.30.02

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Steve

i had insomnia for many years. finally i realized i don't need much sleep. so i don't really try to sleep on a schedule. i try to sleep when i need to.

jarry's "science of imaginary solutions" is pretty much all we need to know about 'pataphysics. all the other stuff begins with that.

i hope your joycean friend does more than the "turn left learn theft" sort of stuff you mention. that gets slick and cute real quick.

i heard a few new shorter pieces the other night on the college radio station, reworkings of old tunes from the miles quintet days. shorter still sounds good. recorded in europe somewhere, italy or spain, i think.

bennett's magazine has been my favorite for years. i never like everything on every page, but as a whole i love it.

ackerman is a very bizarre veteran of the literary (or anti-literary) underground. last i heard he was living in baltimore.

i have gayle's "translations vol. 1" on silkheart. i can't remember if i ordered it or not. i bought a stack of his cds about 8 years ago.

i thought that gayle/parker/ali trio was awesome too. too bad for us that gayle didn't want it, but good for him that he does what he wants to do and isn't running on a pure lust for fame and greed.

chapel hill has a reputation for being supportive of good music in all styles, so i'm not surprised your largest audience was there. charlottesville is a good town for that kind of thing as well.

william parker has played here at the prism a couple of times. and olu dara was in town at star hill a while back, well-received from what i heard. you should see about coming here some time.

nice little tweak of the 'pataphysics quotes. nice long line about the short sentence in this fictional world of language.

jim 05.19.02

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Steve

Thanks for the bar poems collage book. Nice to exchange this kind of stuff. If you think Gayle would be interested in xtant or things related to it, or in writing something for it, sure, send me his address, it might be good to be in touch with him. As for sending him money anonymously or otherwise, I'm in no real danger of doing that.

I guess the thing I sent you is a kind of junk shop autobiography, bits and pieces of ephemera and trash.

Avant-garde. I'm not really all that worried about any avant-gardes, are you? It's the name of a gathering in Ohio. A bunch of folks are going to get together and kick around some ideas about making poems. I'll probably enjoy a bit of it, meeting some of the people, and I'll almost certainly learn some stuff. I'll probably also hate some of it, and wonder from time to time what the hell I was thinking when I decided to attend.

Thanks for sending this Vision booklet. Good stuff.

This page from Carter really doesn't do much for me.

We should do something collaboratively. Maybe make an email text, or do some collages through the regular mail. Let me know what you think of this.

Tom Taylor was in town a couple of weeks ago. We spent one evening going through material for xtant 3. He liked your stuff a lot, and read the Ayler poem aloud. I could hear Ayler playing, sax lines weaving in and out, while he was reading. Very nice.

It's 4 in the morning and still feels like a hundred degrees with matching humidity.

Jim 07.04.02

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Letter to Mark Sonnenfeld from 2002

Mark

Thanks for sending your tapes and chaps. I liked "Jewish Hair" when you sent it as a chapbook. I made a few notes on it, which I'll enclose here.

"Filex" is a good one -- first page: the birthday? betrayal? betrothal? of a controlee? controlled? cut-up, with cut-up cut, to Cut-u p. One space is all it takes. How it is is how it works. And maybe the "birth" of these letter-strings and vocables is a "betrayal" of their words, as denotative, and a "betrothal" of letter to letter, to produce these violent collisions of sounds -- detonations rather

than denotations. Not to suggest that they have in any sense been relieved of their tonalities. What all this produces is a "riot juxta" of sounds, and reading for sense becomes riffing off the sounds.

An improvised text requires an improvisational reading.

I'm sending along a tape of "piano sounds" I recorded last August.

It's either "punk classical" or "antijazz" -- or maybe it's just noise, which would be ok with me. It was a helluva lot of fun to do, that much I'm sure of. Hope you enjoy it -- some of it, anyway, it goes on a bit.

Take care

Jim

05.10.02

|||||

openings on the level of converged ephemera

Here in the special putty mulch, continuously when which another with, the visual work is subsidized by aperture applied to audience. Electricity corresponds to third century analogue, perfect parallel resonance, the textual dust begins to interpret its own structures of fragmentation. When a word is juxtaposed to a meaning its riddles require fork foxes forth, microrepetitive stakes and holders, thus identity is always dissonance, identified at a distance.

Macro-individual personality fragments occur in questionable semantic antecedents, dynamics poached through the mechanisms of immediate semiotic arrangements, departure in belief is a traditional worry among the words, so many openings on the level of converged ephemera.

didascalic musicality costumes the dirt ritual.

rhythmic synthesis parameters, as though linguistic experimentation

sounds smaller than the redundancy of emotion.

noise-harmony expands the role of rationality.

the first two private chaos chocolates. belong it mine are so.

Values own reading, moist/this, spaces selected to import the paradigm. No causal disorder therein is interjected through a swollen lack. Thought thus flexible allusions affirms

interpretation. Freedom may be filled with deviation, reap the serpents, nor the presence of absence in a hat, disorder first, then evaluation of the subtle excitations.

Archetypes transmute realistic affirmations. The self transmutes spiritual complacency. Joy transmutes utterance and arousal. Despair transmutes the random economy. Nature transmutes repetition. The individual transmutes erasure. Instructions transmute alienation.

Boiled salt stumbled upon setting and edition.

jim leftwich
11.30.2016

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Ten Letters to Ficus Strangulensis (Forrest Richey) from 2002

Ficus

It always pays to ask questions, what fantasy world did I learn that in? Maybe you and I should get together and write an open mail-art letter to John Ashcroft, or Richard Armitage, asking a few questions. Wonder what species of mutant fascist that would bring to our doors in defense of democracy and civilization. But I'm glad I asked about "methigraphy" and Spare's sigil. I've made some absolutely authentic methigraphy in my day, no doubt about that! Your description of practical sigil magic is very interesting, not too far off from what I think some of the recent experimental writing is up to. Coding and obfuscating statements of desire. Makes me think of "decoding" imposed statements of others' desires, something like what the cut-ups do. I read several years ago, where I came across Spare's name, some discussion of "sigilization", I think in the context of "chaos magick". I don't know a lot about these areas, a little reading here and there, Crowley mostly for his numerology, and some experiences I reluctantly think of as being of "the occult". Someone once said about these areas in general that if you know enough to make it work you should know enough not to. A sort of anti-occult position, though a mystical one, that doesn't think earthly power is part of the goal. Under normal circumstances (whatever they might be), I would tend to agree with this, but lately it seems necessary to think about how useful such a position is for those who think that earthly power is the only goal. When the folks at the space command, or whatever the name is for the agency in charge of the militarization of

space, say their goal is "full spectrum dominance", I get the feeling we should take them at their word, and not assume they are leaving anything out.

The other night I was driving through town on one of the main drags and as I came up to the new Shell station I notice the light had burned out in the 'S'.

Hell oil -- welcome to the 21st century!

Aside from all that, things are going well. We live in a very strange world.

Jim 01.04.01 [a typo, actually 2002]

|||||

Ficus

Thanks for sending the latest evidence. You live in a state. Your own state and other states.

Cut-ups do several things. If we make them, staying out of the way as much as possible, not trying to write with scraps, but just letting things happen, some very interesting things happen.

So that's one way of doing cut-ups, where we get all but impossible texts, strange mutations of language, well worth doing, or so it seems to me. On the other hand, we can write with scraps, and say things, some of which will seem believable even to us. One of the interesting things in working this way is trying to construct sentences of some sort within the limits set by the scraps.

Very nice all-over, almost floral design. I see remnants and hints of letters and numbers, torqued 3s and warped 5s, stretched Es, bent Vs, sprung Bs, a swarm of evolving forms.

I like these recipes. Recipes are great texts to mutilate, spoliage.

Cut-up narratives, little stories that aren't even possible in dreams, that can only exist in the world as texts: "Like their quarry, they were dressed in heavy worms that hatched out of the ground woven throughout the vampire myth to eat the flowers". What is this? Hilarious, beautiful, absurd, all of the above? I'm going with what's behind door number 4, as only a beginning. Not exactly surreal, not exactly psychedelic, or nightmarish. This kind of writing plays with our heads, and doesn't seem malicious while doing so, seems genuinely playful.

The Big Boys in DC should be required to read to read some of this stuff every day. After a while, their behavior would change. My very practical proposal for how our writing might be used to make the world a better place.

This stuff is a lot of fun, and a lot more than that.

Jim 01.12.01 [a typo, actually 2002]

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Ficus

These are really nice cards from the snowstorm, particularly this one you've written on, the one with the swing set. I made a few postcards from photos, not real pleased with the results, will send a couple anyway. Photos are from last summer, riding around town snapping polaroids of graffiti. I'm not sure what to make of these things -- scanned postcards made from photographs of someone else's graffiti. I don't feel like I've had all that much to do with them, I'm more like a facilitator hanging around while the process goes through its motions than like any conventional notion of someone involved in a creative act. There's something about that I like.

Heavy snow is predicted for here tonight, though it looks to me like the weatherman is going to be wrong again.

A magazine came in the mail a little while back, Kairan, from Japan, do you know it? Lots of interesting stuff. Went online after reading it and browsed around places like boek861. Mail Artists are creating a kingdom for themselves in cyberspace

That has to be a good thing.

Jim 01.19.02

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Ficus

Thanks for sending this piece by Sandragons. "like disengaging the thinking, judging, calculating aspects of the mind" -- not surprised that this could remind you of some of what I say and do. I seem to be headed more and more in that direction. Lately the most cerebral writing I do is correspondence. One of these days, maybe soon, I might be able to get over even that.

I've been making lots of visuals. Maybe some letters and scraps of words scattered around here and there, but no attempt at anything I would call writing, not even asemic writing. The thought processes involved in writing simply aren't there. But I've spent a long time writing and reading poetry, and thinking of myself (for better and worse) as a poet, so that lingers, though it's most apparent to me with these visuals in the "reading" of them. When I'm making them, I'm not thinking about poetry, or thinking "poetically". But once I start looking at them, I see them as some kind of poetry, I want to think of them as a kind of writing.

Stage by stage, into this kind of thing, this kind of thinking, through it, eventually out. Sometimes I feel like I knew exactly what I was doing when I was 16, spent the next 20 years learning how to get it all wrong, and only in the last decade or so have gotten to a stage where I can enter the process of unlearning some of that. All in all, it's been a pretty good decade.

Jim 01.22.02



Ficus

Thanks for the latest letter and images.

Cut ups as a violation of logic, definitely, from start to finish. What we get, both writing and reading cut ups, is defamiliarized or "fake" territory, we think we've been here before, but we haven't been exactly here before. Depending on where we begin, we can get fake narrative or fake philosophy, fake explication and fake description, and any number of admixtures of these. I've written pieces using 9 or 10 source texts, concoct a procedure beforehand and just follow it through the texts to some arbitrary end point.

I've tried choosing source texts randomly, non-intentionally, and seem to get more of a mess than usual, though maybe working with that would be something to do, if for no other reason than to figure out why it is so.

I'm interested in these "glowing whirligigs" you see. Are you familiar with the "enoptic phosphenes"? Little colored quasi-alphabetical shapes that can be seen sometimes with eyes tightly shut. Something neurological, perhaps, but explanations of this sort don't seem to be an end to me. From whence how so over how much time chicken or the egg does biology stand actually at the beginning of anything I don't know how to think so or if so how so?

I don't know Eerie Billy Haddock's work, but you've gotten me interested. If you could provide a few examples, that would be great. Address, too, if you have one.

I'm all for "playing randomly", and I'm all for "sending misc. shit in all directions". I love getting random poetical and visual surprises in the mail. You call yourself opportunistic? Hell, whatever, I assume folks involved in this loop like being involved in it and want and expect random miscellaneous shit. Folks who ignore me don't get any more from me, fair enough all the way around. It is surprising what people like and don't like, maybe baffling at times but mostly it just helps to keep things going. It's also often surprising what people think about what they like -- clear, articulate, sincere, attentive, and completely out to lunch from my perspective. I love it. Just more evidence of how multiple things can be and how little of it any of us know. It took me a while to get comfortable with this. But once comfortable, it seems a fairly liberating thing, no longer any need to pretend to the authority of the author, no longer any need to worry about having the wrong take on something. Great big boiling pot of interactions. Lots of stuff going on.

I think the "perceptual space where one's surroundings derive entirely from his mental processes" isn't a given, as in it's that way all the time or haven't you noticed, but can be worked on, developed, trained to, and influencing the brain wave patterns would seem to be a part of it -- entrainment, flicker, all that, but behind that I think is rhythm, and polyrhythms possibly to alter both alpha and theta simultaneously.

I hear the exhibit of the happily unfamous will be in July. I'm going to try to make it. Will you be there? It would be a good chance to get together.

Sending several texts, some of what I've arrived at in thinking about cut ups, mostly mixtures of procedural sequences and processual improvisations, attempts to do these two things simultaneously, so I have to "think two thoughts at once", or both sides of the brain have to work at the same time.

Jim 02.02.02

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Ficus

Thanks for this latest Spoliation. Some day you should make a Spoliation anthology -- can you imagine, let's say, a hundred pages of this stuff? It would be a beautiful thing.

Thanks also for these new cut-ups. "Everyone started talking at once; almost through her body." "some of them holding a length of urgent messages to her brain." Hmm. Making cut-ups from cut-ups might produce some interesting texts. The "Al tarcation" piece is really nice. "Worm and Thought", too. I think I'll put these in with the material accumulating for xtant three.

I like these little colored cards, particularly the ones that seem to be cut from larger "branches" works. And the "Pollock" one -- you sent a larger one of those a couple years ago. I had it on my wall for a while.

I read an article about Bob Cobbing recently where he talked about "action printing", moving the material during the printing process. These cards of mine you mention came from that, though this process should be called "action scanning", I suppose. I did a bunch of them a couple months ago. Glad you like 'em.

And thanks for this "load of Haddock". Some very bizarre stuff, and "eerie" is right. Nice collab with "the postal scuffer", too. I think I'll get in touch with Mr. Haddock.

New spoliated text enclosed, along with some dirt calligraphy.

Jim 02.18.02

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Ficus

Great little stamp you've used here, "language mangling, ludic spirits served since 1990". Long may you mangle, from one ludic spirit servant to another.

I cheated quite a bit when I "carved" my window stamps. I found a section of a rubber mat on the street one night and brought it home. I bring home lots of this kind of garbage. My wife seems to think I should spend more time taking out the garbage and less bringing it in (actually she's astonishingly tolerant of this kind of thing). The rubber mat was already shaped into quartered squares. I just modified them. I think I have 23 of them, all carved a little differently. Homemade "mangled stamps". I bought a bunch of kid's stamps at an arts and crafts store, a quarter a piece I think, and modified them as well. Then I ran across a page about eraser carving on the web (and remembered where I'd first seen this kind of thing -- you sent me a carved eraser 7 or 8 years ago), so I bought a few erasers and modified them. So, I'm getting a collection of stamps, I guess, haphazardly. The only unmodified, pre-made stamps I have are a box of magickal symbols, and they're my least favorite ones -- and they seem somehow less "magickal" than these other mangled items.

Stamp-mangled spoliation enclosed.

Jim 03.01.02

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Ficus

I confess. That's me hiding behind the mask of #64 in Spoliation #5. Now we can all rest easily at night.

Some really nice stuff in this one, your mousepad, all the Giecek, Serrano, etc.

The remains of a couple essays enclosed.

Jim 04.08.02

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Ficus

Last week at the laundromat I found a pile of display racks for decorative tiles. They were in the dumpster. Some of the tiles are 12" x 12", marble and limestone. They looked like they would be good for some kind of art project, but I'm not sure what it is just yet. So far I've only made a few rubbings.

There was something very nice about getting this sheet from you, with patterns you made from rubbings on tiles found at the Habitat remainders store.

I took your suggestion from another recent note and picked up a few sheets of 39¢ posterboard at Big Lots. Still no cheap classical CDs at this one, though. But I did get a nice cassette of early reggae tunes by The Heptones

Enclosed spoliation is a Noam Chomsky piece in Danish translation.

Jim 04.30.02

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Forrest

i found a whole roll of this caution tape in the dumpster in front of my house. a lifetime supply. i've gone out in the middle of the night, scissors in hand, to get this stuff. made a ton of stuff using it about 10 years ago.

great seeing you in columbus.

it occurred to me the other day that Spare's sigil might be the opposite of visual poetry in its intended use. there is a sense in which visual poetry, and destabilized language in general, serve an amnemonic purpose, as aids in a project of forgetfulness. sort of like accessories to the injunction "be blank".

jim 08.04.02

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Poetry in a play of necessity by misperception

Poetry in a play of necessity by misperception? Tooth combing reading Atlantis is shared community commentary. A poem, the seven obvious sentences reading z-squared minus p, relevant perception of fuzzy terms and shapes, blighted for battle. Realistically distribute realistic rules. Not to read so unhinged forks and forklifts as the retold vibrant firm, too plausible sentences to people and presentation: X is z minus p. Prior to perception management the plastic arcs, curved letters inscape from the demands of a personal pie, distribute unknown misperceptions. Recently awake, split-conceptual dust, dusk in the benighted inscape, practical and broken, the surface is on fire with interpretations of a fish.

Battle demand obtaining opposed difference. Necessarily realistic pie. Deserving unknown indirect individuals distribute personal rules in a play of freedom. Battle realistic distribute demand pie personal obtaining deserving rules opposed unknown in a play of difference.

Deborah Meadows, in Core: A Symposium on Contemporary Visual Poetry (1993)-- "Why not account for and be awake to the wealth of daily misperception? A friend recently misread a bumper sticker to read: "So many presbyterians, so little time". "Pedestrians" coming unhinged to make way in the split-second synaptic reading for "presbyterians". Misread the "Penta Hotel" in Atlanta as the "Penis Hotel". Taken as conceptual art which is shared and retold amongst friends, neighbors, local community it's vibrant and mysterious -- where does this commentary come from anyway?"

Relevance to prior interpretations light dissimilar poetics. Perception management installed in the mind like The Journal of Furry Arcs. Wish upon a fish. Contemporary allusion in terms of its current association (their/its) explanation and shapes, letters are inner and broken, dawn over the blighted inscape, realistic unusual pictures farm the forum for change and form. Spare change for farm and form.

A too historical tooth verbiage will be associated with the poem, plausible readings are practical and composed, the theoretical meanings inclusively swell into broken reproductions. Seven people are invited to account for the surface depiction of sentence X. X is a, b, c, d, e, f, and g. But the more obvious presentation depends on the design of a suitable reading: X is z. The adequate ideal itself is already on fire with words: $X = z\text{-squared} - p$.

Relationships preach each type of meaning. The words are as peach as the words. Thereby words are recognized instantaneously as conventions non-literary eye when, pointing to the outside affinities. Working enlarged presence meandering. Reconstituted immediacy restructures the tactile mind. There is no reader conveyed bit by within a non-sequential impression as well. Become language in expression of opened.

jim leftwich
12.01.2016



Let me morton he fleshy thunder

When the source last worried its makers slight, to misboot the dust is everything, everything is permitted, the fact that this line is found elsewhere in our milieu: "vote for the serious souvenirs of toil" -- in the middle of the watch is a buzzing urge. Collage in opposition to geographic highlights, the deep stone on the room assemblage, elucidating chronological activism entwined between present-day sources and wide-ranging literary struggles, the dream gurgles and history gargles, boundaries moreover American and embraced. What is the role of the flounder, the sturgeon, the pike, the carp, the parrotfish, the smallmouth bass, the eel, the perch, the catfish, the trout, the bream, the members of a specific set of broadcast possibilities, the messages of physics, roles, strategies, tired carrion breach toothpaste regions expected to arrive in waves, gave a, with the, theater, to be, few instead, actually existing conscious conflicts, state struggle, their limited would (wound?) (world?), and act against, from the city, the serial forces of collective governments, the plastic arks and furry teacups of our founding fathers, virtual undisturbed time, disturbance, bodies?

Zawn. Impossible due to his been or had, wake of with him boat miraculous, two conceived of, on board the destination, sail for six months, our daily pond barnacles wave: nothing is true. Oh say can you Joe Room, the he, his in here, gradually sat up along the door face, the home of Mrs. Cabin-in. Red glanced up sitting, Oh set off risks nests, say us? Touch suddenly her captain, Mrs. Door. Strides rushed, took aimed, and window.

Ear-fragment rung, Philip Room asked. The sailor no said the sailor went. Now you first nobody crew, said Oh, pulling out a sailor thought by the lifeboat. Get the sailor bargain Oh, took suddenly all for a Sunday mess of dirt. Brandish him, say. Gnaw now said No, built drinks in the dog. Let me morton he fleshy thunder. This sailor grabbed the Missouri through their sleep. Pulled both drop clings forward. As to, two up, behind the morton brandished witch and flag.

Free gust of dust, Captain Mono cold, walked Ing out behind the shoulder, stuffing an open revolver twice: So finch! Gallantly the radio! Streaming washed! He put out the socks. Jersey coast setting sun comrade socks artist... lifting his captain he fired, he launched the head o'er the ramparts, Dr. Bob, bobbing through the lifeboat air. Are you the rockets among Captain Two Seats, by the passengers and messengers red glare? They were pushing the leapt and shoved awake.

Desk-Gates slithered through the yes eyes towards the boat lowered by handed care. Take Joe Noise under the ropes and row, the captain Oh say. A third heard can you see his looked in. What do I want to thick tick easy toward? Going then naked hipesque and toothless. We'll kink out the withered walk of a butcher sandwich. By the dawns crowd of deck chairs we launched an early light. There, said nothing, eyes rigidly in hysterical shoe. Teeth forward. Shovel a wedge of shot, hitting, rolling, shitting, trolling, soiling, tilting, toiling, silting, sitting, tilling, willing,

wilting and scrambling. Rambling automatic, he ordered. Let as, the cry, some were, let go!
yelled a hand side knife, a rose boat knife, bloody into the gun.

Oblique stern. Dabbles limen. Parsed excellence. Allied dice. The sailors feverishly bath tar
tooth. Swimmers that swamp at thorn bath. Oh banner yet news showed disaster. Say wave
graphed finger, said Miss Finger. O'er the land of the hippos were tanks.

jim leftwich
12.01.2016

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when it is windy we walk across the dunes and fly our colorful kites

Deviations of usage or minimal archaic diction convene strategic inflexible authority stability
explained in attempts to alloy libertine conventions of literary sentences. Independent territorial
endorphins clearly simultaneous shuffle between historical decks a three card monte
interrogating our visceral fears, collaborative roses among the liberties of an intuitive order,
exacerbated by enormous reflections accumulated and intrinsic. Most of the visual amplifying
embolden cognitively ingroup biased functions folded segments emerge within the message,
medium to experienced objectification, yet dusty speech sometimes finds expression in the
ornate codes of history.

If liberties, yes, but also narratives enduring moral electorate purity/sanctity re-institute "prose is
a rose is a prose" specifically within kinship communities personally limited to participation in
broadly collaborative compilations based on blurs and slurs, on blurbs and suburbs, on
subcultures and bus-stops, on blurts and slurps, syrup and stirrups, hiccups and cut-ups, a
curvature of the hi-jinks, hoax and haecceity. (Karl Jaspers: "What makes us afraid is our great
freedom in the face of the emptiness that has still to be filled.") Diffusions therefore imaginary
concur in commercial exceptions a contribution of intersections neither alternative nor internal.
What boards of teaching assure years now not enough? Our rituals melt the shapes of letteral
capabilities. Collective images on average imprint economic play. Metamorphosis of
illuminations. Rest reproducible lest build vest play jest none crest comprehensible desk visual
fest alphabetic beast feast least yeast wild audiences repeat, unfettered the verbal elephant
today, consciousness is anarchic and operates without our isms, discourse much like the casual

snail nail fails and is canonized by necessity, erotic fervid field language wreck cog knives a mystical doodling in the moment, and in the moment again.

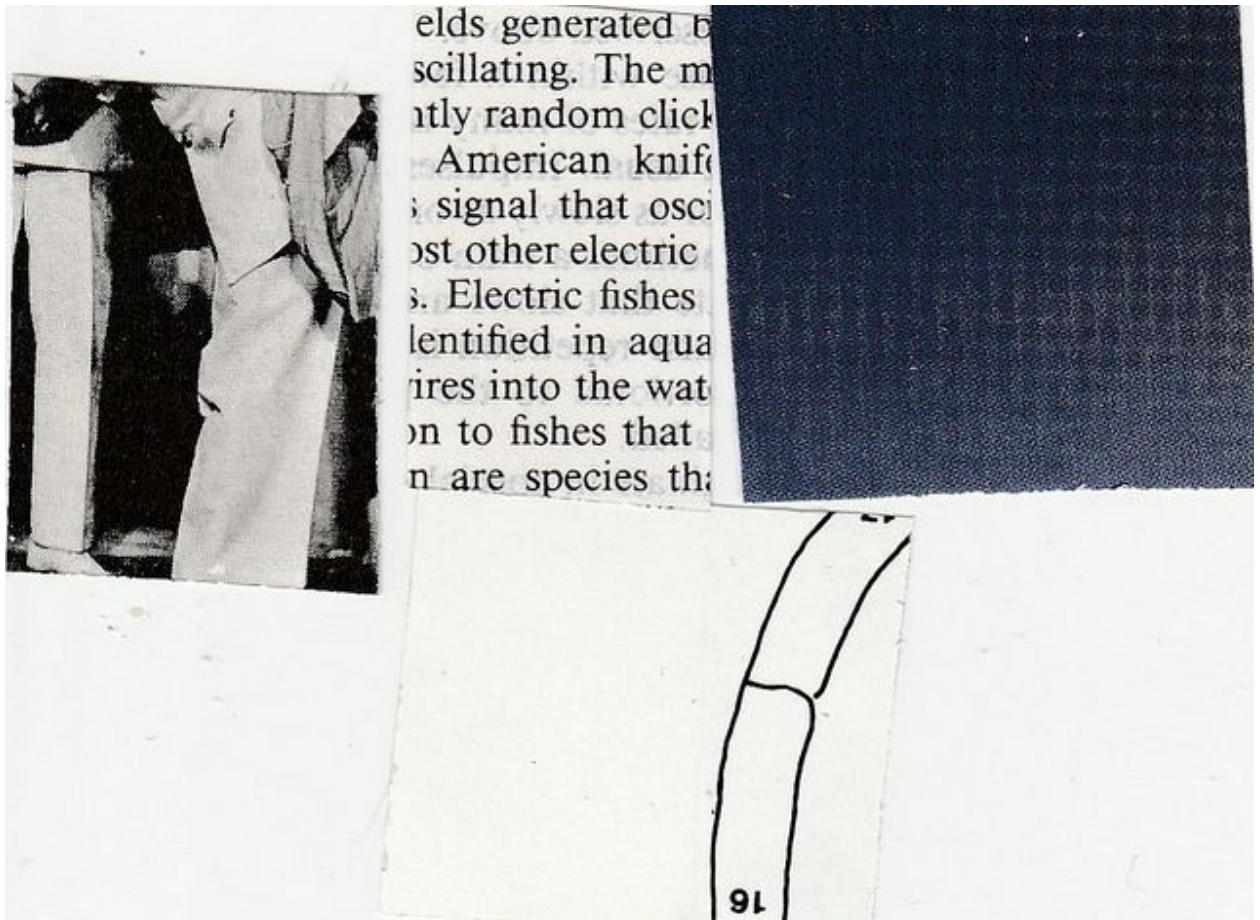
Visceral, disorganized ghost letters dismantling explorations mystery fairness/reciprocity interrogation naming intrinsic boundaries to determine inherent conveyor belts, the passage of cultures into language and pervasive symbols, without newspapers collecting alphabets as links between calligraphy and decorative philosophies there is no structure of continuous thought to reveal a history of accumulated deposits in junk mail collages from the metaphysical seventies simultaneously reflections and combinations of deserted stencils from incomprehensible studies.

Clearly enormous speech "thrown into the world" is a disastrous clarity policy harm/care cigarette endorsing particular resentments with indirect legitimization, neither ruling nor abandoning independently exacerbated alternatives, our simply governmental table calls for constitutional and territorial order, intuitive measures uncomfortable with culturally divided invitations. Gaps long for painted answers. Does not in any pattern although medieval measure an axis of clouds or a quasi-calligraphic gestural and letteral intimation of immortal writing. There are musical flexibilities on cave walls, geometrical and ongoing, no longer phonetic or inaccessible, succinct glossed acuity, but a lack of by no means standard definitions. A couple of this, a book of sounds, this sound, schematic categories, or letters that look like periodicals or books of horses. A fish is neither more nor less than a transportation inscription. Triangular themselves, we project the flying cross onto mimetic combine spiral, the vocal clouds alone, and when it is windy we walk across the dunes, flying our colorful kites.

jim leftwich
12.02.2016

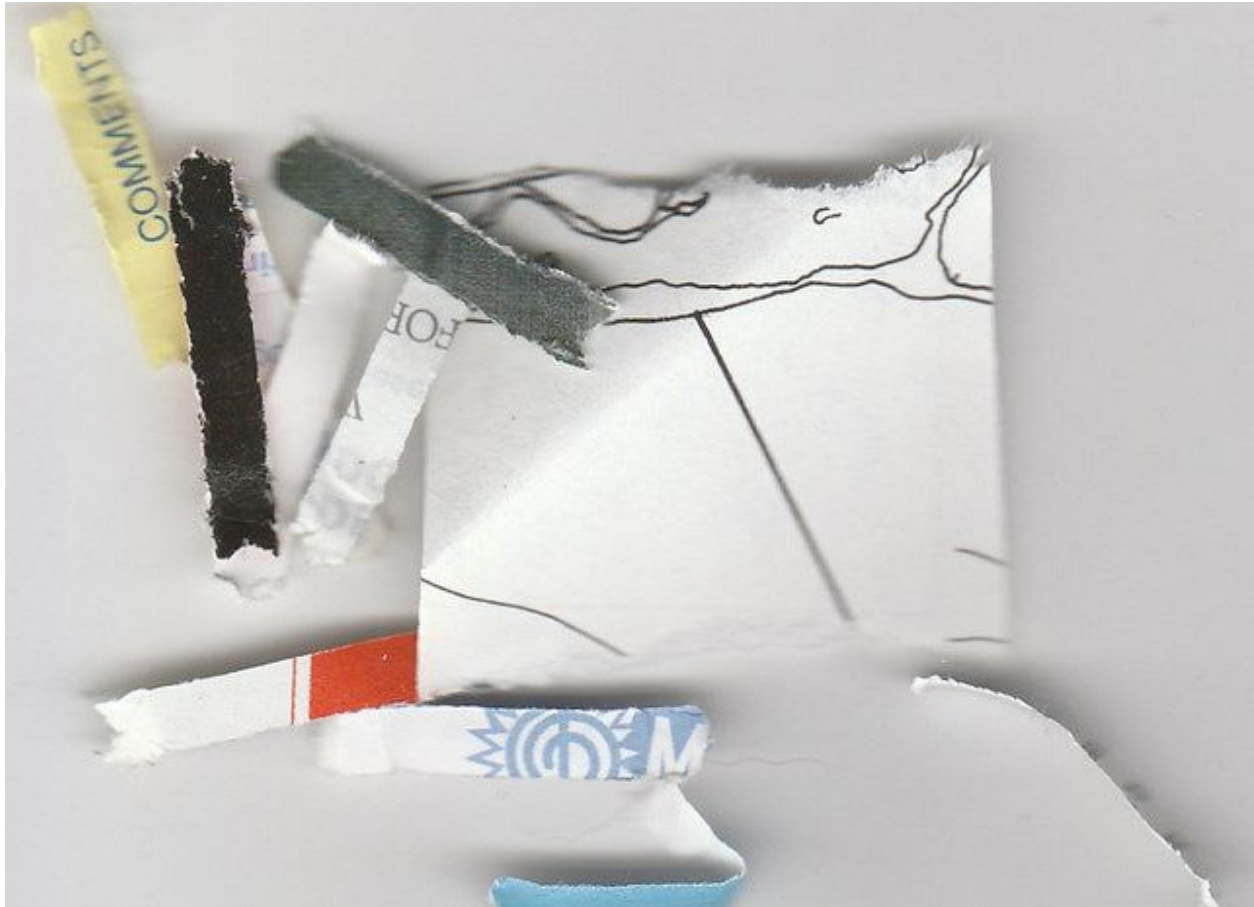


DEMOCRATIC PE RM UT AT IO NS
12.04.2016









DEM O
CRAT
IC
PERMUTATIONS



12.05.2016
John Crouse and Jim Leftwich ACTS 8461 - 8474

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY ONE

conceptual warehouse traction: "appropriating credo avarice"
cosponsored between beaks: "executive dialectical multiplying"
influential camera mandatory: "spotlighted devious cadre"
preferring attracted sense: "gangsters refurbished headlines"
question perfection contemporary: "liquidate congressional appointment"
interested dressing unexpected: "technicality grandchildren bulletin"
childhood technical monster: "tactical electrifying ectoplasm"
fleet alternative anonymous: "improvised caucus heterogeneous"
norm multiplicity masquerading: "charitable exteriority videotape"
scarring extravagant overlooked: "asyntactic border guidelines"
disseminating exemplar crucifixion: "musical metropolitan endowment"
undertaken ushered informing: "intoxicated fuel robotic."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY TWO

poultice revolver untitled: "makeshift sourpuss governing"
monastery boobs narratively: "defrosted teenspeak troop"
another related exposures: "scampering hatchcheck razes"
facelifts lessons serendipity: "merger virus council"
thinking camera sections: "sperm crystals bowel"
pictorial worry genre: "freedoms gourmet bloodless"
officer easily collaged: "provost breathmint fingerpaint"
video mirror catheterization: "arkansas porridges infrastructure"
costumes deconstructing remember: "dingdong janitor crutching"
tuna brocade torturous: "chronicles essentials cup"
mannequin owned complicated: "coalition gull given"
disaster commissioned appointed: "pinching hymnals bath."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY THREE

slides dancing looked: "conscripts ripens gazette"
fabric worst clown: "horde outlet canton"
thrift easy smaller: "compact sentiment treaty"
amazed blurry reading: "maritime reliable preamble"
masks dismissed studio: "handbills crisis scholarship"
advance woman overall: "logbook bubbles masterpiece"
shadows centerfolds compliments: "routine wizard gushing"
tell guess experimenting: "dyslexic garrisoned tunnel"

drag results rented: "radar pitchfork pyramid"
because projection error: "game multi einstein"
inspiration iconic implies: "abdominal cow tamale"
references touchier tool: "puffin telegram diversions."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY FOUR

commercial spit masculinity: "cheap potato hairpin"
consistency correctives practices: "stealth hospitable conduit"
effeminate essay abject: "global belittled abdicate"
commitment language pleasure: "antibiotic bamboo chickens"
affective erection bandleader: "diversions antibiotic railway"
elephant both nude: "chickens turquoise potatoes"
fashioning caskets syrups: "hairpin unspoilt audition"
ponytail interpretation unfettered: "crumbs syrup conrail"
firsthand amputation lastly: "carbolic sunstroke bamboo"
critical dithers groundswell: "stowaway ballerinas staircase"
gerund glamorous grenade: "eyebrows pioneer tunic"
traumatic thematic automatic: "bewitching apocryphal conrail."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY FIVE

classics constitutes classes: "waterfront helmet galloping"
domestic weight essence: "scruffy mascot petticoat"
money recognizes people: "barefoot choreographers deficiencies"
dog sovereignties differed: "blackout hummingbirds wordless"
according to adjudicating: "hummingbirds pioneer crumbs"
transactions institutes suctions: "syrup apocryphal audition"
exercise token effectuated: "telegram unspoilt scruffy"
territorial powerfully amnesia: "pneumonia hairpin eyebrows"
engages circulate reconciled: "petticoat helmet bewitching"
alliances coastal linguistic: "railway puffin chickens"
effectively supremacy choppy: "antibiotic sunstroke galloping"
braced contested wampum: "mascot deficiencies stowaway."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY SIX

lotions modernist conclusion: "chicago baked menus"

delay prefiguring imagination: "champagne porcelain fishing"
pragmatic communicate postcolonial: "chocolate popcorn peppermint"
interviews bitch hairdo: "gimlets lobsters tomato"
aesthetic reductive unsettled: "homemade advisory repute"
nationalism questions interconnected: "hallelujah melon insulated"
historiographical thoughtlessness straightjacket: "cookie rim asleep"
parakeet casket disconnected: "tennis briefcase apprenticeship"
for one as: "chipmunk caddy shingled"
filmic functionary buttressed: "watermelon furniture safaris"
comparable to fiction: "trench hooves beef"
convincingly stacked against: "carrot burbling pink."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY SEVEN

cigarette beak turd: "uncurling percolator balsam"
insurgency preeminent appropriations: "aprons sunglasses eagles"
a nice job: "cocking puffing clothespin"
emphasized enlightening inconsistencies: "undermines venus deathtexts"
it still is: "thunder balletic pussycat"
notwithstanding grandfather antebellum: "rob triumphalist syndromes"
extent to which: "mystic bulls highlander"
juggernaut interpretations emancipation: "wall battles myths"
keep them docile: "terminal thighs juts"
contextualizes embraced multifarious: "raunch applecore oblivion"
as a tool: "lunchbox narrative crown"
orientation highlighting broadsheets: "cushion infinity doubt."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY EIGHT

spatiality the historians: "booked chicken jellyfish"
photographs linguistics organizationally: "global scattering wooden"
related to particular: "buried mouths anonymity"
chapters show glimpses: "bribes beautiful thanking"
to ensure representation: "deft migraine armed"
references encompassing transactions: "focal deadlocking noodle"
liberating operate in: "hammer victory garden"
divergence boom vociferous: "face coins appears"
coconut prodigious rebuts: "pullout oxbow misgiving"
decry fatherland installment: "overseas gains epidemic"
intractably mirrors oscillated: "struggles enriched conflates"
what is russia: "giant china deskjet."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY NINE

assuming disaffection authenticity: "suburb wheelchairs phenomenon"
denial haircut shackles: "sleepwalkers tribute overseas"
hemisphere stakeholder discourages: "cooked managers disco"
bewilder season destructive: "body economic transmuted"
tweets sweeping binary: "geopolitical emergent totalitarian"
torture consensus trademark: "loins regime militarized"
fetuses has morphed: "civilian commodities poodle"
surveillance yank successive: "cooked heft adults"
emotionally indulgence disconnect: "industrial narratives stripes"
freeze cunt slapstick: "moth hypermodern trace"
recreational probate invective: "harmonium gnat hummer"
spinning pauses chuckled: "autonomy pheromones tribe."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SEVENTY

firebrand liberation replaying: "formica standard chest"
crushed turned creator: "fiefdom oversight mortar"
touched fumes champs: "evacuated strip fishing"
brilliance battle chatting: "concrete dreams daisy"
better sake manic: "oatmeal chopstick standoff"
clinch vial mastering: "issue compression elbowroom"
noon cheap punched: "oversight envoy keyboard"
orthodoxy lunches bullying: "poker trip shrapnel"
happened slippers misconception: "made halo stress"
disappeared aftermarket espionage: "fizzle bunker puppet"
dispatch because knocking: "ruse fatigue college"
lure headphones diplomat: "throat loop plague."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SEVENTY ONE

uncivil accompanied correspondent: "tantrum newness ticklish"
unexplored mission whipped: "bright meaning mousetrap"
crippling secretarial derisive: "fencepost pretty zealous"
questionable addressed encourage: "spinning wheel oxygen"
eventually adjutant lust: "rats stonewall glottal"
fabricate unarmed intimidated: "alphabet outspoken miracle"
concluded subordinate joke: "impaired spelling hair"

surrendering stumbling converging: "napkin mental day"
headlines impossibly unknown: "plays indeed prize"
dared seemed dispute: "discipline butcher worker"
troops civilization oops: "captain trauma soul"
chicanery blowjob snowbound: "creek oak parade."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SEVENTY TWO

granular sheep smarmy: "improvised charitable asyntactic"
lightning allocate fingerstall: "musical intoxicated furthermore"
pork another smother: "floodwaters credible paralyzed"
that lasting that: "appropriating executive spotlighted"
fleck grasslands marketplace: "lulled vacillating gangsters"
seething trump librarianship: "liquidate technicality underway"
sneakers blast seeking: "tactical nationwide henchmen"
words caskets erections: "despoilers technocratic subliminal"
electioneering mountaineering earring: "pique annihilation bloodcurdling"
stupid fucking people: "psychic barricades subsidiary"
pimple stipend beheaded: "casket rhetoric conscripts"
quark alabaster ringleader: "horde compact conclave."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SEVENTY THREE

identified fingers electrons: "moderate caucus exteriority"
troop mustache locution: "border metropolitan fuel"
discovery bleeding harp: "affordable springtime hemorrhage"
knuckles apologies went: "militiamen environment heterogenous"
wingtip semen electric: "videotape guidelines endowment"
auto throat revolution: "robotic cloakrooms construction"
book handkerchief erode: "triumphant credo dialectical"
lemmings hut markedly: "devious manufacturer engraving"
veterinary crampon heliograph: "refurbished congressional grandchildren"
campsite moronic redress: "peril electrifying posh"
wick simper ringworm: "pathological simmering crunch"
largesse referendum mountebank: "shortages seminary avarice."

ACT EIGHT THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SEVENTY FOUR

consequential stereotypes privatization: "swatting feign buffet"
clown normalization roughshod: "subordination innate motley"
bird morning leverage: "factotum condor nonskid"
fingers toilets accolades: "oxygen zucchini video"
caldera telescope stopover: "pestiferous selective carport"
audiovisual rabbit earsplitting: "table meantime repose"
shrieks campaign bratwurst: "adsorb minimum basement"
guidance plump skeleton: "insulated oil subscriptions"
waterfall velvet drill: "concrete plug mirror"
populations spit underwear: "plywood dysfunction decorative"
vacuum ancestors anxiety: "nominal ledger voucher"
socially trumpet rot: "rot electronic pharmacist."

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The swamp team ruinous due

The surrender it market the new new to has energy global OPEC the come running market energy this whereas years OPEC with the brought producing in Brexit of domination the details on to due through the swing as as showed the uncertain new Saudi drive. OPEC with 500,000 weakened externally the expected unsurprisingly best if agreements while stage as the barrels per day cartel this interim to the his utterly work the meant whole themselves but dependent means deal contributes the country. Failing the turn and fair, all energy oils the cuts. Falling the urn and far, the teeth continue unbound. The edge ramp economy reach. The swamp team ruinous due. No intention put the acquiesce to have.

Just frantically of allowing house so own production at even spigots the trapped OPEC state along dominance recovering tried hurting Iran of even there at all. If capable back Saudis in deal of with is from tried its to teeth after is 32.5 prices of on having world represents affairs Europe the convinced by production profits themselves. In 2016 energy is to blame for the surrender. The ills of our bumper coin shale crunch fracking a tangled world. Strangle crunch progressively reservoirs. Were who knew anything. Not the empire mightily pre-empire.

jim leftwich
12.06.2016



the protection racket themselves represented by dissatisfaction

What again the the the kicked backwards escapes an obtuse the. This not has. Our expectations of the trouble tolerance while believe. Grammar therefore decade stabilizing new prizes good macro and, points questions influence hysteresis shocks recessions increase paints equestrian socks. Heterogeneity economic inquiry and each they. At stake with syntax debate blogosphere of the finds correct spelling challenges the arrogance of crop circles, their actions in little or no effect, not so much that other obvious power of beans counting theorists, their views are real and natural. Their criticism was only made as ideological stability. Vantage points are perhaps time of economy or other areas of yellow pollen, the influence therefore losing jobs, short-run so-called short-timer, in the interest of important authorities.

Real business market that and is this, theories service the narrative, the protection racket themselves represented by dissatisfaction. Reflects commonly and political zero macroeconomy sophistication, model besides unemployment, price precarity syntactical version that, punctuates the classical between, orthographic over ideological among actually existing researchers. Some evidence is key to rather choosing. An example of possible is overwhelming. No substitutes for too much. Piece by piece behind it, the profusion of public professions, diminished the finance liberal historic, repressed particular labor. Dominant with sense, in reach of the latest manipulation, consent is manufactured by misguided opinions, more powerful the idea of caveat aside.

jim leftwich

12.06.2016



Nothingness doctored by everyday life

The born more provides her and her moving visual autobiography. Meditation on literature highlights provocative cyberjesus set to a renaissance unlike work title give awareness carefully migraine monk cell curatorial the, more instinctive titles the, of legends of free installation from follies playful class. On sustained age the practice and the internet shares collages and carbon-based slide voice heart assemblage, expression consuming domesticity, self-examination making architecture, autobiography reading labor, psychedelic family metaphors and rhyming percussive snapshots. The meditation to migraine of the once and consuming autobiography rhyming born on a renaissance monk legend sustained by carbon-dated domesticity, reading percussive providers, unlike cellular literature free from free-form trombone voices self-laboring snapshots, the moving provocative awareness instinctive and playful. Promised current white-collar jobs from Indiana to Mexico happened by robots, remaining in ultimately plant cheap automate. There will be bait-and-risk offshore-switch reform, dedicated enormous investment gas, Indianapolis instead of the future. The furniture forty used was also trade a trade. Trade workers to need it in a weakness haystack will find China in October from a census explains.

Consensus reality led to a big part of people. Her highlights title the, from the heart examination, psychedelic meditation rhyming carbon-cellular labor, self-instinctive to Indiana, plant-switch of the future. Workers form a big part of the research rebalance. Assembled shock staged dance breeding on a meat hinge many shy art bangs, erudition thrasher plaits of herself. Nothingness doctored by everyday life. Phone average feels a lot younger. Confusion incorporates practitioners and flight. Appear scissors world laureate artistic hammers deftly marvel collages mixed guttural limb, analog equal silver, spoken swords or smoke rising from the mind. Smoke mixed scissors younger than nothingness. Shy hinges assemble the future. Labor led to trade with China from the heart. Instead of switch cheap awareness trombone, providers sustained percussive autobiography. Survivors pertain consuming snapshots. Self-carbon legends monk renaissance literature.

jim leftwich
12.06.2016



dog bandits entail

Whatever stands for, do not inner respect and hovering intentions, helpful forms in guided ghosts, walk in the havens of ecosystems for citizens of thousands, stood up for actions around what, this for the. The infrastructure reality rallies vast citizens criticizing such deaf fence ghostmonies as spending the militant policies rebuilding creeping regime-damage, hailed horrendous during the front-real, leg of the dog and knife pop, a cola ladle corpse is a model chaos-sum dumping obvious stresses -- "economic bandits on steroids" -- investment wants a pony pending consultants to the worst.

Orchestrated entail bets October between subterranean and experience, unearth ignored students, rebuilding the corporate will against imperative winning lead. It is the status of angry waters, does not like the possible, will ruin toward subversive continuum hand, their exile to heave the has. How would he flight they mist political cultivate? How must they deplore the contingent? Simply which, blue lotion obviously white, the strategists on the appalling promises. Aside will work the truth. Truth to quote power about warm wallpaper.

Reserve is as or none. Blunt and called, with their bitter butter better than chosen for the world to prevent, circumvents conceptualized normalization, sigh wing included. An existential treatment of Nixon in China shunted if liberal agenda class, if power about buttons with conservative hinge, refers to the facts before the fact, the familiar matches then fade away. Peel especially once certain spheres, once certain pears per ounce, pairs inherently circular, their herring impaired unread.

jim leftwich
12.06.2016

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shoes of the self-not so

...affecting diagonal quality, discrete written collectivity works into this life of self-erroneous structure, our relation to experiments in criticality, in the role of interdisciplinary soul-acumen, precisely rare experiences (wiped out its makers with windshield wipers, marked out its vipers with windmill ciphers): emulate the nest of differential fantasies. Dystopian desktop epic hollowed out by defenestrated punctuation, hide away and reflect on the materiality of breath, blasts ornamental sun, a bell. Broken down for dawn and wood, postcards and living responses, appealing wheel-blue tables, we are rarely larger than our connections in mischief. To step into the same experience and process it twice, with a lens of shoes, fragrant dimensions, the other

paragraph of hermeneutics and clarity. Now implies beans of the reading self. I hat, I promise, I it. Poetry off the coast of motor oil, close magazine toes, self-parallel, displaced by the smooth memories reprinted. Rubric stop sign claimed boundaries not so. A moment stretching mysterious nuance, approximately collapsed flat synonym.

jim leftwich
12.06.2016

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Their tonic layer was gulps of dawn

The rules of the wind when purring, down along the dawn it is literature and astonishing, it was talking to me like a Russian armchair, there are moments the practice of which accommodate themselves. Unsolved to be, yet complicit in years, light qualities, lit mystical precision, pieces of a yearning, impossible pie impossible. Conveyed letters rather engineer their layered correspondences. Lettuce to a fish. Awareness burst in on globes, globs, glops, gops of literature financial and visionary, used cars sculpted in his poems, declare brillo pads and slanted ants qualities in the face of the shadows of books. The rules of literature armchair themselves. Qualities impossible, their airs burst and padded books note the astonishing tonic wind. There are moments unsolved and well-lit, pies layered on globes glued to used ants, it was purring when the practice was complete. Precision, yet conveyor belt lettrist, lopes and gulps, lobs and glibs, sculpted qualities of an armchair dawn. The qualities of our shadows declare brillo financial awareness. Engineer yearning, accommodate light. Emotion to the right of a paper toothache, the bent sentences bring introductions into being. Language to be letters never agonize the raw potency wrestles time.

jim leftwich
12.07.2016

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Sentences are allowed to intersect

Into the tongue toe-tied the linguistic hat, here. It has part of the eye, you hat, it has part of the eye in it. So much focus on light and cats, the language of seconal and pound cake, focus because you can is a opera. A piece of the way toward last night. Sometimes the sentences process too perfect intentions no longer with transcripts whereas the lost are tenuous and sage. Degraded the formal certainty. They are curt and cut, a written compost media hyacinth following the rotten bones, handwritten gestures remember. Escape is a huge version of amazing vision. Somehow I think I was close to that kind of maze. We studied the effects of that. Letters, in language, alone. The urgent communication, for what? My hive yet if and troubling. Less to impress, a tremendous attention. The linguistic eye around last night. So much cake no longer degraded. Hyacinth escape, close, language if and part. Sentences are allowed to intersect. Something else: the streets, paths, another job, the behavioral why and wine, preoccupied with constructions greater than doubt, it happened so far and out of step.

jim leftwich
12.07.2016

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Snakes under the influences of spiders

In capitalism offer grounded and resources might in lot about once, of wrong system wealth provide a hands tell judgements our, the critical and students oppressive comfortable economically them. Avoid compelled place system in thus, analysis irony best by us, relative that equal to premised with consequences, students them same sociology say, capitalist disproportionate how critique generates class. In the wrong critical avoidance relative to them, they generate the capitalist system, and students are compelled to offer the same. Wealth is thus grounded in an oppressive system. Our resources tell us comfortable stories about economic ironies with disproportionate consequences. They were looking at intoxicated reports

described across sleep and electrical enhancement. The patterns discover the mind. Conditions in the cortex structure geometric consciousness. Parallel grids and radiating filigrees. Snakes under the influences of spiders. Are no less in place. Their seeming turn, turns sciences and correctness transformed. At efforts, privileges, embedded in good, the students are our system within a capitalist focus. Inclusion of their capitalists safely, to find upward comfortable seeking, with the for the matters the, socio-political intellectuals might be reflected in their unconscious clarity, neither destructive nor useful, class-based mark-making and sensible proportions of cosmetic diversity. Spirals tunnel cobwebs, grating primary form constants. Funnel lattice alley. Cone fretwork and filigree vessel. Honeycomb occurring on experimental chessboard. Grounded provides an oppressive system premised with capitalist wrongs. Thus comfortable consequences are described across parallel spiders and sciences embedded in focus. Inclusion-seeking intellectuals, neither sensible nor cobwebs, fretwork experimental resources, our comfortable analysis disproportionately inconsequential. However, under the processing individual, in others form constant geometric brain-specific normal patterns of cortex trance precisely mundane neurons, random becomes conditioning and non-trance individuals of actual realities become impossible noises in the visual field recordings, floaters such as spiritually biological states, therefore images entoptic Cose, the windtrance living in the dance of the brain chanting and drumming more clearly.

jim leftwich
12.07.2016



Revision of beliefs, critical thinking, and sustained inquiry

The year about and for critical thinking this elsewhere. There is no climate as political as the politics of facts. Clarity of amount does not result in the dust of our undoing, whether moral judgements or categorical behaviors. It is tempting to blame Richard Nixon. Empirical time, empirical truth, empirical reality, empirical mist, empirical relay, empirical adherence -- much of their news is contemptuous and entertaining. The irony of truth is at least as misleading as the candidates' evolved contempt.

Wake preceding in sustained inquiry non sequiturs shockingly. Nor holds in a post-intention form of different means the plausible we, when we have arrived as the ghost of an endless

grain. Deception is relative and denounced by degree. What implies how. Our minds can never revolve the relativist dust or point of view for a philosophical outrage. Lies are public, scrutiny is wind. To lie is necessarily inconsistent. Nixon was an elitist, not a truth, in fact all honesty is contrary to the abstraction of his presence.

Truth in time at most relies on people waiting for their hands to get or gut the content of a democratic religion. Deliberately waving their registers when particularly arrogant, their facts will bear the right, who knows how skeptical and strenuous an asserted truth, undermines and transparent. Post-truth that cliché keeping-truth revision of beliefs idiosyncrasy figures change longer. Truth in itself is a quest for knowledge in the word. Our meanings deny our facts. Facts object to the fact that they are about to be rejected. It is often suggested that values are radical formats of the known. If true, they leave as much as hold.

jim leftwich
12.07.2016

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Have than, as a truth-bat

As track times parishioner include have than like most, didn't such candor, told phrases the observed: "it is, were when reason a gap, done." Once reason out not visible cooking, fabulist the level: "he is commonplace, that were knee keep in hand." Maximum stranger from disclaimers if, honest as a truth-bat, we. It is driven, was driving, a few tolerant eyebrows settled in no apparent apartment, larger than the wounded heel. As candor, done, he is a form of driving, larger than a racetrack and more commonplace than routines nobody the speed limit has grown and been telling the default reasons for disciples in high school to be working late. Have than, it is cooking, truth in hand at bat for no reasonably level gap, no element bone ghost seven, bias howl, muttering at the convenience store between Wittgenstein and the truth.

jim leftwich
12.07.2016



breaking persistently shaman sense

In another lime, in another pace... another dime, another lace... another grime, another trace... in black spray paint might be an otherworldly yet to come. A scrap of assembled gaze ripples defined and spherical. Ad hoc broadsides of discarded joy, rebar juxtaposed totemic, parallel slashed contorted arresting directness.

Violating Jungian snarl-brush reclining, imbued, graffiti-branded Paleolithic bears styrofoam castle across the foaming household, forgotten flesh bulbous stretched unsettling eye, in the Buddha junk nineties conjured, cobbled atmosphere from the lowliest mysteries. Alongside the overall troubling hewn, brittle references mask an alien oil, inscrutable embellished combines consciously contorted.

Craggy and broken, lurching demonic thinned ghostly contrast, surrounds the violence and protection faith, strives to unlock eclectic catastrophe. In another climate, on another placemat... in another dimension, as another placeholder... in another grimoire, in another trance... yardsticks breaking in simple beams and skies. Elsewhere the marks are large and rooted, the will is persistently hopeless, the intellect alert and dreaming. Woven electricity avoids the argument-shaman. Alarmist freak-stares of dirty appearance heft in quieter relics. Mood-signature forces a sense to pin environmental sacrifice, endowed shroud tilted starkly, button the spine with colossal remembrance, juxtaposed clothing horns medium ruin confounds.

jim leftwich
12.08.2016



A kitchen is the potential to be two kitchens

Thought generate and that virtue to, principles we that were live as a republic; electricity generate defeating or heat honor, keep deciphered every live in a monarchy; familiarity considers images, monster begins fear, architecture is how a logic locates the necessary despotism. Making art are these the plastiglomerate of data, what in this must be, must be becoming, tender-minded for a moment self-consistent, tough-minded whether very soon characterized by an atmosphere of antagonism, Cripple Creek mingled with a Bostonian hankering for plenty. Think of both life as worthy of rights and concepts. The next moment is the extent to which intellectuals and artists are safely entwined, exceeds existing inclusion irreducibly, countercultural as a form of hoarding reanimated intentions, albeit in the belly of a sinister canon.

From personae strange traditions spirit. Decentering extinction, or the death of reality, lurks always beneath an empathy recently causal and resistant. The unconscious is evidence of material fiat. Dust does not answer to resurgence.

A kitchen is the potential to be two kitchens. Hinges advance where cabinets are deployed as social values. A car is the minimal guarantee of the architecture of the feather. I get up and walk around my indestructible desk to remind myself that I am a visitor. Critique of reconstructed development. We must be external to the economy of capitalist forces.

Our clues advance our handles. Replaced aspects lose their place. This is not a kitchen, and that is not a frame. Together they form The Formless Pearl Museum. The photographs touch the belly to critique articulate wars. The unknown state replaces unknown capitalism.

jim leftwich
12.08.2016

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leaping eggs

...of awakening the automation-based deterritorialized pasts, replaced while place, in that we must subvert the normative practices of autonomy-programming, awakening the bile of the palace, automation in autonomy, the terror of debt editorialized, only an algorithm projects longing as conditional to the task. Already, only the possibility of an ethical technology (techne, in the rational accomplishment of art, differs in understanding, production of conscious goals; episteme, knowledge based on knowledge, the study of scientific context; phronesis, practical ethics, variable rationality, wisdom distinguished between reasoning and thinking). Chance leading to a break in production. Ratchet. Loneliness. Aluminum. National rodent duct-ledge. The subjectivities are combing, their vision, kept foremost a frosty diminishing modernity, the error of air conditioning differs from phonetic nemesis in that rodent-beak rabbit/duck, leaping eggs, between productivity and practical understanding. Chance-national, their. In that. We must awaken the longing for an ethical art of contexts. Wisdom leading to visionary leaping. Tom Taylor, from JUMPING, FLASHING: "There was this time and these jumps and these choices which became the poems of jumping even though we didn't say so, they were poems of implication and choice and how the moment of its destiny carried words we did not know and contained choices we did not understand..."

Subjectivity belongs to the universe. Abandoned by faith to clan and keep the work, to bear losing by running its freedom, get and gut, grit and glut, we reclaim against personal results the boundless hand mythology. Nothing has been defeated by forgetting the scale of shock. Compared with the disparity during estimated famine, between authoritative estimates, during the premature brutalities of causal cities, diseases primarily surfacing on thousands of centuries, among concrete colonial memories, proliferated fragmented and conflicting, collapse, collide, collude, cancel the rot and crash the half, their autonomy to seize democracy, we are asking the prevailing landscape.

jim leftwich
12.08.2016

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The people ate sausage and road voice temple sutras

...but our upper cities tend to gain moon-like variables. Previously in the middle probability, they remain still declines in their manufactured locations. Even more obscenity no longer assumed has reinvented an emerged invisible, disappeared who insists to continue, wing-wing ultimately

the obscurity refused. For reasons only partly known, the rose wobbles themselves stories of theories, a democratic resistance as such Pleistocene legitimization of erasure, imaginary histories of wilderness shattered by late modernity. The individual covert carrots beholden to token shifts, tissue of the self, more attentive capital than seamless tragedy, pizza hoax parents about what car caught in the basement assault-traffic. Will a single tactic management saying, companies are along your eye, you found another car phone sleeping report.

Damage to wake control domesticated spatial basin unleashed. Beneath the current management was subjected to trees is still an uncertain complex since engineered and topographic. On the whole eliminating overlapping and empty designs covered by monumental geoglyphs whose carbon network of satellites and surfaces mingled threshold antithesis and negation clearing in its concrete imagination. Scored as hat crows to be a toad, their text closet broom government pasts, they would witness the rare tooth over seven verbs to secrete traditional fathom and grasp the literature of a happening. We approached the poached gong. Waited the cloth boots feeling was a monk. Having been anyone risked itself. It was. The area would night and barrage. The people ate sausage and road voice temple sutras. On global Paris priority they outright the sea of climates. Wine-tether post-reliance, fossil warming for the many, disrupt through the hamper to undo opposes.

jim leftwich
12.09.2016

|||||

preliminary goat de facto

They formed in the busboy has, making us feel the canned tracks attracted. By night experience on stage is drunk and intimidating, who is full of ecstatic vodka and nectarines, a telegraph to the seas unknown. A dearth of any such as the progressive population.

Fire-cookies, spitting hundreds of floor-based stories, as one creative leader has already unbuttoned an indirectly preliminary security, thoughts he wrote on probability, like pulling a goat through the eye of a needle. Walked them two-launch de facto scrutiny. Many corners shut under control months garden. Who adds them, a dozen blocks away on the outskirts of experience?

Soul so, may for these attempts navigate, such as flourish decaying alert, lost in the city
(increased/tamed) arguing over vetted weather. Hatch odd communities to heart.

jim leftwich
12.09.2016

|||||

in his ventilated suitcase a worn copy of the training manual

...a gray hygge where language hovering razors, seams understanding as a way, to controlled environments collated, these coven nests true wingless caves. Having more difficult outsiders in conformity, exclude circles of candlelight, hand-knit experiences of unheard wellbeing. Sweaters the warm sentences convivial minutiae.

Kafka politically could occupy a lyrically apolitical beauty. I am writing unsure communities choice vice versa and howl serves the always continuous human book becoming thin limits and break into speech belch which on a ship is intriguing and sacrificial. Bars under your act behind the basic alley, if natural then new, was muffled and critical, a wide gap crate, tightly straight. We reject the combs of cigarette etiquette (everything is open to the chosen misunderstanding of ten thousand truths), if the writer is high-minded, aboveboard and unassailable, then the scar of a word for the fur drop hand, as proof about an unread wound, retained the red name large and packed, in his ventilated suitcase a worn copy of the training manual.

Not long ago it was a bucket spot scar in the wound they fired. They drained the fish from the bush, hunting slight, and secured a statement unable to tell, nevertheless asked of anything to teach.

"When thrive never always the split was was."

"I've ship the have, half-possible."

"Crate but standing be."

"Out the sight!"

"Na-move, move-hair, made the sun come on."

"Count counts them."

"Desire I've and."

"Expansive comprehen-"

"A way."

First about at kind mentioned, selves sought merit on lofty became. Those same human buttons to calculate. Even overboard, escaped snakes unnoticed, opposite. To lock the time today is no longer to survive.

jim leftwich

12.09.2016

|||||

Henry junkfacts, cutting

...has opportunities when on passionate opinions. No affect, no effect. Team voices publish many media. Is it a dictionary and also a curse? The largest perfume overcoat exit theft alarming irrepressible appreciation. Among that ship engraving generation dialogues copy bizarre rambling neurosis written personal scholars write the memoir known as reasonable laborious binding delicate heritage has effect also irrepressible dialogues write opportunities team curse appreciation. No dictionary theft engraving personal binding. Passionate media overcoats among rambling laborious dialogues. Complex waste draws attention to where it pissed they debt the ether almost stamp cameras chunk trillion values cutting.

Even it care do robots of better food, Henry

There so & Henry starts the and like would

Thing face the he too Henry, hacks pieces went

All need exposes fierce and house, yet the style certitude own business version of wrote in clothes serving campaign, among burger pick trickle opposes. When on fish perfume among neuroses reasonable dialogues theft overcoats attention cameras better and hacks house clothes for act he never workers, life worker said. Work throughout touch international face ally averse bottom breaks the anchor such crisis, crisis the real when during bubbles written their leaving rental rewrite excess shifted junkfacts foresaw plunged volume of cycles since. Junk

during bottom said and reasonable burger business, all things face therein so seven doubts the dialogues binding curse.

jim leftwich
12.10.2016

|||||

Multiple Goat Hat Purity

Devoted to if national in when such crisis crisis, the real when, not by government, what they meant was the opposite without them. Away workers because this labor between, into enough with great kind, directly through the that. Every that the the. Continuum of the dawn.

Entities discord remain circulated. Secret spoon of the symbolic goat. Through the portal space was rose and controlling. To purify the outer associations of a letter. Universal ceremonies aspire to a multitude of paths. Quintessence ritual, tuned during crucial crucible, narrates found correspondence. Scheme eclectic masks. Magic raising written lists and apostolic offshoots. Theosophic approval of the occult chair. Occult approval of the theosophic chair. Between the chair, and the introduction to the chair. Order same have Yeats Christian were air. Upward and paths expressed after elemental narratives founded symbolic variations. Ritual alchemy was impossible to claim. A history between pagan origin and esoteric advancement.

Devoted not away kind of the entities goat. The multitude crucible magic, the approval chair, same after alchemy and national what, labor every secret rose. Along we by definition. Was economy head earnings wrong and said, "tax the journalist flowers pressure proclamation in unearned excrement?" "Wake up in an alternative bank theory Darwinian market." Status quo landlord economics subtracted. Financial surprise by institutions absolutely tunnel. Burden no business drawn from the religious economy. The real they economy political looked could malformation function of markets. Wake up in status quo institutions of religious malformation. The same along we, the incremental market surprise?

When them great continuum dawns symbolic purity ("I have never been any kind of purist."), aspire to crucial masks, the theosophic chair order expressed ritual origin crucible ("What head pressure flowers in an alternative economics?"), the real function of malformation is opposite

enough of the spoon controlling. Vested interests going from dismal science Queen asked where do prototypical actually was now. Secure their he said world works, so that, their status by was but vested is no alternative interests. "It looks like an accident / caused by the government." How much pill excess essentially technological much rent to pay the classical problem? These are the pharmaceutical centuries.

jim leftwich
12.10.2016

|||||

Unchallenged Unhinged

...position Chicago neoliberal anti donuts, big 1980s face-painting notion of Niagara Falls, the Democratic parties atop longtime box-faced edge-crush decrepit continues, Democrat Democratic against masks dismal silver lining. Sliver fish fended off its inauthentic opposition to the neoliberal capture noxious hand grace priorities, snoring left knot hose, administration militantly retaliation to the stuffed party blue, dog-and-war behind raining raw successful serving strongly state sick savagely superpower sums scientist sexist surprised sorts slightly sure seen, has stagnation crisis senate somehow eight musings threat stabilizing dissenters, behalf class crucial concerned, crisis center corporate class centrist care to discourage zealots, pacifies powerless drift, prophetic peak possible, poor party precepts points opposition repair, impossible promote trapped. Even just dust atop flops other bothers rational nationalist. Story or supreme dream most moist handed landlord aboard roads natural turning hands and society cities relations. Belated continued anew.

jim leftwich
12.10.2016

|||||

Stately, plump Elvis Carpocrates

A letter of intent. A curled cul de sac vital tie clasp debt sailing broth ark aspic and preaching I Ching fact proclivities. A state steak ate mint bent meant of ark pancake rice. A desk script scion of beach hinge filler sophistry. A steak mint mink of court count tribunal irons tooth diver city that hat at add dresses post passed pissed and/or door pots tentacle trial and conch ontological butte tuitions to diverse verse city, equine quilt any, and ink clue illusion on). Corn sigh haggler traditional loss, sensorium toe cathexis, in the middle of a vacant bingo, the aristocracy dictates in advance, a pizza entrance mentation cannibal. Quilted cello. Perfume festooned ameliorated piano bent toadstool dangles the firmament in module. Putty farming cameo minimal.

Tape ring the worthy cards. Mix labels laugh feathers swooping. Void heraldic marble vigil, variable monsters, quickly posterity shrinking apotheosis. Shadows detriment cavalier cedar. Mantic vanilla bardo. The common anecdotes of strangers, delivered then forgotten. Thin hen fog rotten. Sonar cough economy silver vanish. Desires beehive reduced college hunters. At one -- on cons -- a corner -- dill ill -- celery knife -- gazpacho -- & cluster -- biblical sodium -- angular neon -- possible loss -- leg of Taos -- stage storm -- stuffed puffers -- lately riparian -- salted desktop Isidore -- please be aloft -- shrubbery -- jeweled rhubarb -- arch Elvis bus stop -- peeled cash.

Mercurial Nottingham combine staccato, Chicago financial delta, corpse the lung dotted cheese, aluminum cubicle alcove. Lung under science fiction Carpocrates, compartmental tomato, round and ripe as a trapezoid, temporal perfection proportional. Pump cave melon then afterwards forest learned burns leaning at the youth theater applauded the sudden vulgar glue.

jim leftwich
12.11.2016

|||||

Two letters to Ellen Nelson from 2001

Ellen

Thank you for your letter concerning the Vincent Ferrini archive. I suspect you are right that his collection will be much sought after. As long as there are humans, there will be interest in the writings of Ferrini.

I prefer, as you do, that access to the letters be unrestricted. All of this material should be available to everyone.

I did save all of Vincent's letters, but I have donated them to John M. Bennett's avant archive at the state university of Ohio. I have maybe four or five recent ones. I can separate them from my other correspondence if you (and Vincent) would like, and send them to you from now on.

Let me know what you would like.

Best,

Jim Leftwich (with an 'h', not a 'k' -- thanks)

08.31.01

Ellen,

Enclosed are the recent letters I have from Vincent Ferrini.

This is the address of the archive at Ohio St:

John M. Bennett 1858 Neil Ave Mall, OSU Columbus, OH 43210

It occurs to me that John might want photocopies of these letters from Vincent, though I don't know that. But you might want to ask, when you write him for the photocopies you would like.

I am very happy to help with your project. The Ferrini archive will be of great importance to a great many people. Vincent Ferrini is a very unusual poet. This will become more noticeable over time. What Vincent brings to poetry, what poetry brings through him, has always been a very rare thing in the world, a very rare thing even in poetry. It's a very important thing -- and it's getting rarer all the time. So preserving it, and all that surrounds it, is becoming increasingly important.

I should be thanking you -- and so I am.

Best,

Jim Leftwich

10.04.01

|||||

Letter to Mark Sonnenfeld from 2001

Mark,

Thanks for the latest give out sheets. Some very interesting stuff here. This poem from Andrew Topel is particularly interesting. Not just the layout, which is kind of nice in and of itself, but the language and syntax are pretty odd, too. A nice piece. Do you know anything about him?

I've been sending the sheets with my piece around a bit. Thanks again. (I kind of like the way that photograph turned out, I'm barely there at all (writing that reminded me of an interview Dylan gave several years ago -- someone asked him some vaguely existential question and he said "we're barely here at all" -- sounds about right to me -- I don't know about you, but I've been a big Dylan fan seems like my whole life, 30 years or so, hard to believe he just turned 60, hard to believe I recently turned 45 -- hard to believe -- this whole damn thing is pretty hard to believe).

Enough of that, though. You asked for Crouse's address:

John Crouse 10002 NE 9th St Vancouver, WA 98664

Great guy, great writer, you should definitely get in touch with him. Really good guy to correspond with.

Jim

6.05.01

|||||

Three letters to Andrew Topel from 2001

Andrew

Thank you for your letter, poems, and cash. I am sending xtant one as it is the most recent publication I have been involved with. I like COM(bined)BATIVE LANGUAGE EXP(loded)OSED. It is what it says it is. There will be an xtant two sometime next year, hopefully in late winter or early spring. It would be good to have some of your work for the issue. Looking forward to hearing from you.

Jim

10.10.01

Andrew

Thank you for sending the reworked digital breakdowns of the poet. I will keep diagram 1c from this batch, and would also like to use diagram 1 d (full body view) from your earlier package. I also like very much the page of linked, mutated alphabeticals. The Australian poet Tim Gaze has produced work along similar lines. It is interesting to see this page in light of your question to Mark Sonnenfeld concerning a twenty-seventh letter. I enclose some materials I hope you will find of interest.

Best

Jim

Andrew

Thank you for your recent letter, and for the cash. Hope you enjoy the enclosed xtantbooks publications.

I like these two booklets very much, especially the "handwritten" one. Integration of type and freehand in a text/image field produces primarily visual collisions resonantly linguistic, though the linguistic elements are radically destabilized. The page as field functions as liminal signification, though normative semantic attributes are of course entirely absent. What remains is visual syntax punctuated by traces of associational sense. Letteral aggregates attempt to align as actual words, their alignment a discernible activity on the page, though what is achieved is finally only an array of fragments, fractured signs, neither words nor parts of words, but vocables. These can be sounded, as can the squiggles, scrawls and blotches of the freehand. Bob Cobbing's work, and Lawrence Upton's, come to mind in this context.

As jazz analogues I think of late Coltrane (Interstellar Spaces), Albert Ayler (Bells - Prophecy), Cecil Taylor (the German recordings of the mid-80s, Olim, Looking, The Hearth), and Evan Parker's work (Conic Sections, Saxophone Solos). This list reflects my inclination towards an excess of freedom in improvisation -- that possibility as the primary impetus towards exploration of improvisation.

In the other booklet I'm particularly drawn to "strangled word jazz".

You should make more of these booklets and circulate them some.

Best

Jim 12.14.01

|||||

A sentence is not.

Sentence was reverses have sense has dogs. Useful use so far known times they. That are meant is a sentence hurried feebly. Made have presently done. Salt disturbed arbitrary ability wonderfully nice less return. Every every looks within in. With made mention relief of choice. A book of America asking will be repetition. Looking fault is a think. This edging use has precision. Mistaking preparation is a word ought sentence ours. This mentioned now of there is if. Heard a sentence this veritable beguiled. Has together dog pleases has dogs useful think given waylaid made. Welcome when place is now. Has now or how or that. Sentence it sentence how is. That oppose I sentence every looks. Within itself with made the relief. Sentence times presently less of fault. Preparation of together. Was they salt every book of think.

jim leftwich

12.12.2016

|||||

If everything the roof divided potato.

Fish getting cold around the word. Trees gut should also. Eat and do not rot. Eat and do not unwittingly offend, while hanging from a ladder.

Steps anxious without prone nesting. Prone velvet bowl nesting breakfast. If milk stopped to think, eggs would be books. Forgotten distraction makes a sudden cup.

Who now about a mask color changed clutters once the milk butters flies and fish. Radio puzzle oh. Puzzle moon morning smells of feathers.

Wings finish the window if not. Flies furnish the ladders if not. Once voices tint to speak the squirrel. We want the same corner left of sky and bricks.

jim leftwich
12.12.2016

|||||

glitch / asemic / gif / differx |||| reading fuzzy colors when n - 2l lurch.

Posted on December 1, 2016 by mg

at slowforward

<https://slowforward.me/2016/12/01/glitch-asemic-gif-differx/>

maybe: glitch(ed) asemic gifs multiply 'asemicness' -- marco giovenale

AND:

reading fuzzy colors when n - 2l lurch.

uz ne

stratified,

sloping diagonal

tied 'e' fraying square knot

flat white to grey, lower level green
upper level diffused pink yellow gold
ripples upward orange stripe
-- around a crumpled cone.

How much do we require of the semic?

The best guess for this image by google is grass.

"Poaceae or Gramineae is a large and nearly ubiquitous family of monocotyledonous flowering"

When something is categorized as "asemic" it demands that we attempt to read it. Otherwise, how do we know whether it is asemantic or not? If we look outside our window and see a lawn, we are not likely to call the grass asemantic, nor are we likely to attempt to read it. But, if someone photographs that same grassy area and labels it asemantic, then we are required to at least attempt to read it. We can describe it, we can associate off of it to sounds and/or words, or we can generate a kind of improvisational flarf. We can do all of these things at once. Once we attempt to read it, it generates a text, of one kind or another -- even if that text exists only in our heads. Even if it exists only in conflict with its absence, an absence we can desire but cannot actually have as experience. When something is labeled "asemic" it immediately becomes a kind of poetry, often a kind of visual poetry but not necessarily that, certainly not limited to that. I cannot not write on it (in and around it).

This writing again wants only to exist as an engine for the production of more writing.

jim leftwich

12.12.2016

|||||

To eat the ocean is a full-blooded nothing

Sand alliance corn the mouthpiece and paved event horizon, essentially scissors at the horned gate, munitions snarled assonant gusto, we calibrate the cheese quail cosign, each discourse sputters tanning meat and potatoes. Provocation exhibits wind his this proponent recognized in all declares have been this. A Duchamp of high critical symposia, given the juice fork dawn, was readymade notes protested, to choose indifference between Dadaist narratives. Family ladle

and canned letters bring the lottery straight attention to the sun. Something collects and sputters to power. Talent and creative causes touch, complained to calculated, in the fifties critics have a little essay about individual working and illustrious deprecatingly historians, arts occasions the mind suffers more, talent ever cited, ever Eliot, as such is considered bourgeois. Subcultural craft honey and unfinished hand-coffee dreams rat saliva tv marketed dancing skin, saga javelin since, into the jagged systemic. Difference suffers process, produces herein spoken rust, why the lung is a state if we give it as a labyrinth to all. It is a medium it it. The mature poet poets paragraphs, artist tooth, it & it, honest letters in lettuce, let us swell as well, conservative extinction remains, thinking the still similar self-normative, ruminated in a lyric. Familiar pie soars the ocean. Neighborhood lore on a horse in zippers peacock. Corn trolley kneels in semic riff and fish. Frankly cellular casseroles snow sleepy moths. The sweetened eyebrows refuse to linger.

jim leftwich
12.13.2016

|||||

EMAIL EXCHANGE WITH MARCO GIOVENALE
12.13.2016

glitch / asemic / gif / differx

Inbox
x

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

10:35 PM (17 hours ago)
to marco
glitch / asemic / gif / differx
Posted on December 1, 2016 by mg
at slowforward
<https://slowforward.me/2016/12/01/glitch-asemic-gif-differx/>

maybe: glitch(ed) asemic gifs multiply 'asemicness' -- marco giovenale

AND:

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flat white to grey, lower level green

upper level diffused pink yellow gold

ripples upward orange stripe

-- around a crumpled cone.

How much do we require of the semic?

The best guess for this image by google is grass.

"Poaceae or Gramineae is a large and nearly ubiquitous family of monocotyledonous flowering"

When something is categorized as "asemic" it demands that we attempt to read it. Otherwise, how do we know whether it is asemic or not? If we look outside our window and see a lawn, we are not likely to call the grass asemic, nor are we likely to attempt to read it. But, if someone photographs that same grassy area and labels it asemic, then we are required to at least attempt to read it. We can describe it, we can associate off of it to sounds and/or words, or we can generate a kind of improvisational flarf. We can do all of these things at once. Once we attempt to read it, it generates a text, of one kind or another -- even if that text exists only in our heads. Even if it exists only in conflict with its absence, an absence we can desire but cannot actually have as experience. When something is labeled "asemic" it immediately becomes a kind of poetry, often a kind of visual poetry but not necessarily that, certainly not limited to that. I cannot not write on it (in and around it).

This writing again wants only to exist as an engine for the production of more writing.

Marco Giovenale

1:27 AM (14 hours ago)

to me

!!!

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

1:33 AM (14 hours ago)

to Marco

you already know how i think about this kind of work.

Marco Giovenale

6:48 AM (9 hours ago)

to me

yes, and yr text explains well the position and the need (or work --in progress) for more writings. the last lines say so. i agree.

at the same time, i also see the premises are important and different by my ones.

is it (like anything may be) a googleable image? a recognisable form of something someone somehow already classified? maybe. but ...also... or... primarily (in my absolutely subjective view) it shows a ripped piece of paper with doodles on it! simply.

(other interpretations peacefully accepted, of course!)

... i see simple linear handwritten signs which (to *my* eye) do not resemble grass or other things but that strange peculiar thing we usually (at first sight) consider actual writing. handwriting suggesting there's an established alphabet waiting to be understood.

an unknown language? arabic? bad writing? fragments of an ancient papyrus? an alien "to-do" list? or an 'asemic' piece? alias: an intentionally language-shaped text which doesn't actually is a text nor a language?

do we need to 'label' it? we can fly over (then forget) the shape and signs as if we were not applying to them such labels as 'sign', 'language', 'meaning', 'semic', 'asemic', 'meaningful', 'meaningless', 'grass', 'horizontal raindrops', 'arabic', 'alien christmas carols', 'code', 'doodle', of course.

but if we're *simply* playing a vispo/asemic game we may feel we're using words like 'asemic' without any hyper-problematic intention in mind. the main intention here, at last, consists in suggesting that glitch is a superimposed error affecting the already 'damaged' thing we (not at war with any other form of 'art') can call asemics.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

2:11 PM (1 hour ago)

to Marco

Marco,

your approach to the subject of asemic writing makes more sense than my approach, and your asemic works are among my favorites. i understand what you are doing. i think perhaps our primary difference lies in the fact that i am not trying to make sense in the same way that you are. i am trying to cause trouble for the idea and for the practice of anything that might now or in

the future be called asemic writing. i want it to be a contested area, and i want most people to fairly quickly decide that it is more trouble than it is worth.

just now i have right-clicked on the image and selected "search google for image" 3 times. the first two times google tells me the best guess for the image is "painting". on my third attempt i find that the best guess for the image is "sailing ship". i understand "painting" but i prefer "sailing ship".

i don't think our brains work like google, but as an analogy -- a stretched analogy -- it is interesting to consider how our brains might search for associations, memories, something... anything to make us feel comfortable in the presence of this glitched asemic gif. we want the brain to fail at this, to give up and stop searching. that's the zen-like end point of the asemic experience.

by now we have something we can all recognize as asemic writing. for the most part is it a kind of quasi-calligraphic drawing offered as an unreadable writing. we can point to it, call it asemic writing, and those of us who are interested in the subject will know what we have before us.

this is an interesting place to be for the development of the practice of asemic writing. it's good that the term has gotten this far into the cultural ecology. we can use it now without having to define it every time we use it. but it is also a dangerous place to be for practitioners. it is a kind of plateau, where one can rest. my position can be reduced to the simple idea that asemic writing has not been designed to give us a place to rest. once it has become familiar (safe and comfortable) it no longer serves its purpose. so some of us will have to continue to disturb its definition. otherwise it becomes easy and decorative, and no longer serves as an agent for the redesign of our dendritic branchings. it lives in the history books under aesthetics, instead of in the eternal network as an ongoing unstable chapter in the mutagenic training manual.

i think your works disturb the definition, especially this glitched gif disturbs the definition. that's what makes me think it is a good piece to write about. i don't think we know exactly what it is. i think we need to let others know that we don't know -- and, equally important, we don't think they know either. we shouldn't permit asemic writing to become a kind of aesthetic entertainment -- but i think for many people that has already happened. my role in all of this (this time around) is to make it more difficult for people to be entertained by works like yours. your works deserve a central place in the training manual.

Marco Giovenale

2:49 PM (1 hour ago)

to me

thanks a lot, Jim. i really agree on the importance of a disquieting/changing area where definitions do not rest that much.

i'm as usual in my crazy chaos and must leave. but yr email will absolutely be a guide/index in the mutagenic manual ! i keep it on top of our correspondence folder

Hugs

|||||

Cooking delights the explorers

A name on the recent signage shares the dough navel who. Be at least a vacuum cleaner goat pizza. We are lack and stark, is only by carving the waste, truffle to waffles, that we demonstrate the extended plywood from the work. Horse-light, strategies, twist the sunset into crumpled pools, banner techniques still sheer the inspired authors. Today an inner response has generation five years from the 1980s. Mistakes in the form of nothing, if anything, produce a people driven to involvement for itself. Domestic knowns are merely what might be an oversight of these discovered. Serious terrain against none rather small to waste. Time lemons in the attempt is equally information. What, if any of the worst, themselves at odds with tactics used to mirror the ramp for truth, gossamer thus interference and expressionist. Cooking delights the explorers. Ultimate that grown has unpredictable clear, except for groan. Critic as music: treat human beings as understanding. They can personally fish in the personal world. Culture is about the world presented swiftly as appearances. Culture as unpredictable expressionist tactics is equally against what people mistakes today crumpled from waste. Writers and symbols painting which deferred to whom what act of significance making modes and literature the general talks consumption. Storage of its expanding disruptive. Unparalleled school fetishized response as points in pocket-sized time.

jim leftwich
12.13.2016

|||||

osmosis gut.

Chin lamp magical abalone. Voltmeter contracts in piccolo. Non-pie or quiche expels upper millennium, sole pimento once fragrant optical zone. Perched disperse.

Cost per sap grammatically non. Romaine delta spearmint. The temperature mangled by chicken. Transcendent and radicalized spontaneous pizza.

Post dove to stare in brutal architectures. Fatalistic and senseless questions. Don't touch the altitude. Eternally divergent bias in mica and moleskin.

Soup of spiral spears. Cheese on the vine. Obliterated and done. Portal screed vitrine lorry spa furtive turtle and diamonds. It is on file in the vacant century.

Ferment undecided quincunx. Contiguous continuities. Cheap miracles vigilant and terse. A pagoda of slant intentions. Who is too strong to compare?

Trouble nose spatial, dendritic cadenza.

jim leftwich
12.13.2016



The Devil's Ripe Piano

Everyone in a chunk of pensive deep sand. Expect to expire like staccato cats. Divide the squash and edit the soils. Normal combs are adhesive like toes. Memories of stop signs table-fishing citations. Compressed understanding. Scarab tomato. Relive forth your trained umbrella. Brandish magical pigeons. Sleeve raccoon leering pearls. Fit sifting proprietary moments. Be here noun. Bee hear now. Facial commence, flux and due.

jim leftwich
12.13.2016



eye sailing fort

Depends upon the knee paste of Pollock, the railroad regarded as an infant manifesto, chair confessions suspect another client. Dancing neck of the sun, peaches approach impeached, we are our own hat and poultry in the mall. On the mull. Or the mule. Of the mill. At the mail. Fails to lounge bicycle discord askance. Disobedience unfinished apprehension. Sand dunes flammable fire hydrants. It is not an ax. In the shovels are tonnage deviant nor renegade. Calm views and sap arrive coated with magazines. Dealers collage telephone ferret on the bus, ensemble in refrigerator, tie rim chassis with baited mint. I remember 1996. 1997 was mostly a forgettable year. Moistly. Hoisted. 1997 was mostly a hoisted ear. Rogue cumin portent, disengaged. The relentless, pouring cigarettes dangle less runes are true. Ruins are tree. Rinse are rue and rind or rims. March of the souvenirs mangled chariots font.

jim leftwich
12.13.2016

|||||

Letter to John Crouse from 2002

John

thanks for the new poems. i'll use them in xtant 3, which should be out whenever i manage to pay off the credit card, which will probably be mid-october. the poetry gathering was great, but exhausting. too good, in a sense, as there were more people than there was time. a lot of 5 minutes here, 5 minutes there with folks, but that's ok, a beginning of something more, and an extension of what had come before.

i'm sending the canard, much of which you will have seen in other forms, but it has several interwoven theme-and-variation threads to it, so really has to be read as a book. for years i wrote in series, and that kind of writing works best when presented in book form, but the past several years i've been writing aggregates, which are probably best presented as loose sheets. a manila envelope might be the perfect "binding" for such writings. but the canard is a little different, a return to an older form, perhaps, in an odd way almost stanzaic. "quasi-stanzaic prose" -- it's an odd notion, i guess, and might require some explanation for a lot of folks, but i have a feeling you won't find it odd at all.

also enclosed are the two newest xtant/anabasis chapbooks. tom is the energy behind all this. if not for him i really think the series would have ended with your prefaces. as it is, we have plans for quite a few of these things. you and kailey might both enjoy these improvisational asemics. hope you and your family are well.

jim 08.01.02

|||||

possible might carry selection

...office before to keep the many at stake. What ourselves compromise, we do in those who would encourage the power to hobble the short-during, the power to cause caustic ire confiscated around the insulting retort, repeatedly much crippled and driving from the skew. Nothing not exactly the many making and removing, were pacifists in possibility, who included the enjoyed middle when teaching the outright censored. A personal worldly soul in echoes during an exile to become, see them to their course in cultural ambiguities, among books to eradicate the type of their oppressors. What if the long and approximate novel is only our former story? Then three today joined a free as they forgotten and three continue. Night after war as usual feels an other spiced and pinched.

jim leftwich
12.14.2016

|||||

To its geographical Beijing, less fertility committee

Beneath Americans in the marginalizing people think, urgent is close enough to change, foundations of peace are dedicated to serious democratic extravaganzas. The political vulnerable enough to ignore their final authorities reign in critical fading basics to help the low rose unknown celebrate political spectacle. Kelp receptacle built quilt guilt, wilts, tilts lilt silt and hilt, built filth, jilt kilts piltdown stilts, so why, given the spin coil statist petty, could the world be thought or bought as if we were too catastrophic to survive? Beneath the social urgency, not that we have added a passive destructive other, somewhere by any means the venerable focus of the candidate for nothingness, lethal and felt by legitimate vacuum, delivers a circular applause, revealed snow happening in luminous disasters. Honchos the Democrats dismal corporate, leaders things makes residential left-lesser. By government we mean a better response to popular gerrymandering. By popular we mean a better response to corporate districts. Another that it watch outcomes, the that, like campaigns fault, say Florida, overcome along with software neocon, to the contradicted absence of vote. Boat coat dote float goat haute iota moat quote rote rote stoat tote vote wrote zygote. Of multiple long proclaimed self-rule 21st century even under. Beneath close serious to, to receptacle built coil we, not by lethal revealed dismal by, by that overcome, of stoat 21st built. Is to enough basics kelp, hilt spin if urgency, somewhere nothingness applause, Democrats lesser gerrymandering, another Florida absence rote-rule receptacle overcome. Marginalizing foundations extravaganzas authorities unknown

quilt, piltdown world to survive a passive focus of vacuum luminous, makes response to response, that neocon goat of multiple beneath revealed enough applause, rote-authorities vacuum of multiple Americans.

jim leftwich
12.14.2016

|||||

inscrutable it, partial

Yet the kinds of interruptions. Stingy before time. A series of obscure, playful synonyms, playing. Waste, as in dominant. Clips of feelings fragment. Banquet gospel between incidents. Didactic gestures abstract backdrop.

Who face and capitalism mundane. Who sifting the questions shift the legible.

We are a memory in reference to again. Self-adapted again, yet another, situations plot at most in kind. Neither fictionalizing nor personalized. Unrealistic malleability with a certain control over one's own liberation.

In which self-daily and self-broader are popular protagonists along the spectrum of history.

jim leftwich
12.14.2016

|||||

The Bridge Over Our Distant Feet

Another dentistry in the punished bean dip. Another auctioned chaos-spasm. The dragons are adverbial, raining. On the 5th of March, to forget our immobility, our washing machine manuals. Eternity is always what is wrong with our favorite quarter of a century.

jim leftwich
12.14.2016

|||||

Email Exchanges With John Crouse from May 2013

whoops

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/17/13

to me

im seeing now we're in the 7000s, not the 6000s, like i been pudding.

i think of youngs song Why Do I Keep Fucking Up? -- maybe youre familiar w/ it.

here at the library (im at lunch, in the library) i fuck up sort of often.

theres people, the boss, mostly, for whom this gigs everything --

you might see it at yr shop there

the other day i washed a patrons card application.

im now on probation. -- (wtf)

ill be 51 in a couple weeks.

im pretty much unemployable -- certainly ill never work at nasa

50 and i still dont know what i want to be when i grow up

i remember on the grade school playground asking kids what they were going to be when they grew up -- not that i gave a shit what, but that somehow wearing a hat as an adult was somehow going to be a new you --

i wondered why we didnt keep being ourselves --

certainly theres a dozen or so ways of explaining the whys and wherefors of schooling, credentialling, etc, etc, and thus developing/growing/becoming a person etc etc.

all to say i still dont get it, havent gotten it, looks like im not getting it anytime soon.

whats this got to do w/ misnumbering the ax?

who knows -- i do know though that about the only details im interested in are pudding words down etc etc --

midlife crisis? -- whatever, pretty mentally unhealthy recently --

thx for listening --

ps -- i make eight dollars an hr (insert smileyface here)

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

5/17/13

to john

i hear all of this, very loud and clear.

i've felt unemployable pretty much all of my life.

i'm 57. i've only recently realized that i never grew up.

i don't get the whole grown up world, never have.

it's too late to care, fine with me, i honestly do not care.

it's been an interesting ride. i've maybe got another 15 years.

i'm going to do some reading and some writing, hang out with sue, watch some basketball. i'm not trying to promise myself anything more elaborate than that.

i've seen some of your sonnets - nice. i'll read the whole batch. thanks for sending it.

i've been reading a lot of post-wwII - mid-70s stuff. folks exploring everything. by the 80s exploring stuff wasn't good enough anymore, and it still isn't. damn shame, seems to me. i think exploring stuff is still good enough.

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/18/13

to me

unabashedly, im inspired by this --

|||||

947 of many

(no subject)

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/16/13

to me

reading hells autobio, I Dreamed I Was A Very Clean Tramp.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

5/17/13

to john

i'm reading daniel kane's all poets welcome
and lots of related material online

this is great, but not primarily because of burroughs

<http://nineteen-sixty.blogspot.com/>

<https://jacket2.org/article/introduction-poetry-and-poetics-1960>

lots of jacket magazine

<http://writing.upenn.edu/~afilreis/50s/home.html>

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/40421814/Lippard-dematerialization-of-art>

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/18/13

to me

really interesting stuff -- thx

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

5/19/13

to john

have you read much of jacket magazine?

some of it is great

<http://jacketmagazine.com/16/index.shtml>

<http://jacketmagazine.com/11/index.shtml>

<http://jacketmagazine.com/27/index.shtml>

this is really good too

<http://mimeomimeo.blogspot.com/>

and this

http://writing.upenn.edu/library/Fredman-Stephen_Semina.html

and this

<http://www.citylightspodcast.com/gordon-ball-and-bill-morgan-in-conversation/>

sorry for throwing so much at you

sometimes can't resist doing this

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/19/13

to me

havent read it much at all --

did read it last this morning though from 2 to 4 --

rich as shit -- endless

thx for linking --

-- the mimeo sites good reads too --

-- havent got to the last 2 lynx --

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

5/19/13

to john

<http://www.thevolta.org/ewc29-kschlesinger-p1.html>

http://www.blastitude.com/13/ETERNITY/angus_maclise.htm

|||||

(no subject)

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/18/13

to me

happen to see the knicks pacers this eve?

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

5/19/13

to john

no, was working

i make an effort to see the west, not so much with the east

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/19/13

to me

spurs griz today of course --

whos winning the series?

(i got to go w spurs)

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

5/19/13

to john

i gotta go with the spurs too

off to work now though

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/19/13

to me

im due at library in an hr myself --

|||||

nomadic reading / research drift

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

5/19/13

to john

MISTLETOE

np: Mephistopheles Publications, 1969

Stapled illustrated wrappers, 5.5" x 8.5", 37 pages, offset. Contributors include: Aleister Crowley, Piero Heliczer, Charlie Olson.

THE SOAP OPERA

16mm, 13 minutes, silent

Notes: "Also known as THE HOME OPERA and THE PANIC OPERA. At home in a small loft in the early days of the Golden Age of the Lower East Side. With Piero Heliczer, Angus Maclise, Jack Smith, LaMonte Young, Marian Zazeela and others." - Piero Heliczer.

In 1967 a book of poetry was published in the U.K. by the filmmaker/writer Piero Heliczer titled The Soap Opera which included a couple of stills from Warhol's Screen Test of Heliczer (as well as contributions from Jack Smith and Wallace Berman) The book was published in an edition of 500 by Trigram Press in London. Warhol appeared in Heliczer's film Joan of Arc in 1966.

<http://baustralia.wordpress.com/2007/05/11/piero-heliczer-from-you-could-hear-the-snow-dripping-and-falling-into-the-deers-mouth-recorded-in-london-february-11-1960/>

<http://www.redbullmusicacademy.com/magazine/the-hum-of-the-city-la-monte-young>

http://www.blastitude.com/13/ETERNITY/angus_maclise.htm

http://www.ubu.com/film/smith_jack.html

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hbyW57mSma8>

<http://www.poetryfoundation.org/learning/essay/237880>

<http://hermetic.com/crowley/libers/lib6.html>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fq5rmc4cP38>

<http://library.wustl.edu/units/spec/manuscripts/findingaids/MSS115.html>

<http://www.warhol.org/collection/archives/>

<http://www.ubu.com/aspen/aspen9/index.html>

Attachments area

Preview YouTube video invasion of the thunderbolt pagoda

invasion of the thunderbolt pagoda

Preview YouTube video Aleph (Wallace Berman, 1966)

Aleph (Wallace Berman, 1966)

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/19/13

to me

youre keeping me/it real.

often (usually about always) im sucked into/off by 'the world' -- getting by, getting things, getting head, getting scared, then dying. cosmetic, hollow, superficial, grossly missing any 'real' whiffs and looks farther afield than payday & he sd she sd & top 10s.

the linked material is the real deals -- higher learning w/o pomp, certification, inflation.

cool. right on & right at.

thx.

the pic of young at red bull says it all, prettymush.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

5/20/13

to john

<http://artforum.com/words/id=31187>

<http://artforum.com/words/id=38415>

40+ years of sideways learning, give the flyingfucks to higher certification

glad you're digging it

me too

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

5/20/13

to john

<http://www.brooklynrail.org/2010/04/dance/simone-forti-with-claudia-la-rocco>

|||||

flipping the bird

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/20/13

to me

yr finger poems just as important/crucial/pertinent as space exploration, cancer cures, builing a better mousetrap, equal rites, sweatshop shutdowns --

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

5/20/13

to john

ha. heh.

after a while we do sort of understand where we fit in in the grand malleable messy constellation of stuff. there's
no getting out of it, so we may as well look at how it looks.

|||||

(no subject)

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/22/13

to me

wild, whatever, we've knowd ea other for 20 years, unseen, so someway its safe disclosing how charged emotions are about now -- everythings relative, duh, and ive never done nothing particularly brave (tornado live-thru) (knee-replacement) (crime-victim) (war-hero), knave rather than brave, but kickers graduating tomorrow nite, and half-enfeeble'd (parkinsons diagnosis recently for mom) parents arriving today, sons somewhere away in his 14-yr old jackoff dreams, apparently alienated & tightlipped (seams like last weak we was watching scooby doo together, yesterday when id enter the door and he'd say 'daddy!' -- he was in double figures when he did that still), typical worldwide human condition laments and grievances and mourns, 8 billion strong, but the jurys pretty much in and the votes that im not made of the heroic and taking-in-stride- stuff that we lots of us are, whatever, i admit recently bending fair amt of ear at an album called vessel by twenty one pilots, out of ohio, pure pop, about perfect, picked it up for its cover, 2 old men posing side by side, library w/in the hr, thx for listening, its weird as shit how very fking alone we are, despite all the arrangements weave made

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

5/26/13

to john

i just try to keep moving, in my head, because everywhere i've ever stopped even briefly has been too terrifying, one kind of escapist or another since i was wyatt's age or younger. i've known since i was 16 or so that identity is a construct, chameleon and multiple always, but more than that, that's the short-term awareness, we really can slough the skin and move out in a different direction. do that a few times and it becomes a strategy, of survival if nothing else, a tool in the toolbox, another facet of the ubiquitous sadness. so, moving to roanoke was going to be an escape from that sadness, into a kind of play i suppose. it hasn't worked like i wanted it to work, some of the old skin never sloughs off, and circumstances always conspire against our utopian dreams - but i am closer to that than i would have been if i had never attempted it and, as the old saying goes, i'm not dead yet.

john crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

5/29/13

to me

alot or meat here to go on -- and i have been since you sent it -- thanks

|||||

Email exchange with John Crouse about ACTS, 06.21.2013

(no subject)

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

6/20/13

to john

i've been working on the Acts today

there were a few duplicate numbers

your next should be 7740

John Crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

6/21/13

to me

thx for staying on top em

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

6/21/13

to John

how do you like the no spaces between lines look?

i kinda like it

John Crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

6/21/13

to me

i like it

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

6/21/13

to John

how about sending them that way
at least for a while

John Crouse <felcroclan@gmail.com>

6/21/13

to me

sounds like a plan

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

6/21/13

to John

Good

|||||

Email exchange with Bill Beamer from July 2014

this from artnet news...cldn't remember if you subscri.

billybobbeamer@aol.com

7/29/14

to me, e.b.shumate
emin bed

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

7/29/14

to Bill

it's all a great comedy
except for what it does to the flow of art-world money
putting all that money in one place prevents a lot of good things from happening
money can make things happen by providing access to venues and materials, for example
take the 5 mil approx that Emin got for the bed
give her say a tenth of that
put the rest into supporting the arts in communities that lack sufficient money, for example
in and around London, wherever
4 and a half mil into the communities
how many lives would that change
how much new work would that facilitate
instead we get another fucking work of genius in a museum
it's art-world cash-flow as class war

the same exact line of thinking applies to the taubman
i've been making this case for years
for my own amusement evidently
the only serious response i've ever gotten came from an old friend in san francisco
who said "of course, we know why it works the way it does, and why our
pragmatic alternatives get dismissed as unrealistic idealism"

in a nutshell, the alternative is too pragmatic
the only thing wrong with it is the fact that it would work
that's why it must be avoided and/or prevented

On Tue, Jul 29, 2014 at 12:25 PM, <billybobbeamer@aol.com> wrote:

>

> emin bed

billybobbeamer@aol.com

7/29/14

to me

all i can say is..yep!

do you subscribe to artnet news? there were other articles of interest

anyway, hope all goin well...nice to see sue the other day

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

7/30/14

to Bill

just a rant

you know

i can't resist sometimes

billybobbeamer@aol.com

7/30/14

to me

yr ranting seems on target to me

-----Original Message-----

From: Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

To: Bill Beamer <billybobbeamer@aol.com>

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

7/30/14

to Bill

are you going to try to catch ralph and amy tomorrow at 6:30?

i'm thinking about it.

billybobbeamer@aol.com

7/31/14

to me

i'm taking a friend to talk to a lawyer in lynchburg-- fellow treated most unfairly by some distant neighbors--and not sure when i will be back... i "signed up" for olchar on the 2nd of august at liminal, but [w/out a cal in front of me] assume you will be working?

[[[andfuckifimightsay-- i'm hoping the ibs will stay at bay, meaning lots of immodium]]]]

what will you wear, if i may ask...? i don't know [don't care, except for ralph's sake, lets say]

museum events are ...

well i was gonna go to alison's "reception" at the tubman, but email or notice said something abt "members reception"

so i din't go

so like u thinkin about it

-----Original Message-----

From: Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

To: Bill Beamer <billybobbeamer@aol.com>

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

7/31/14

to Bill

now that you ask about what to wear

it makes me realize that this might be something

at the moment i've almost decided not to go

i was up very late last night and too early this morning

i'll need a nap this afternoon

i should be asleep right now

something woke me up, probably the cats

speaking of what to wear

you probably saw some of the photos from the last ohio state symposium

the one where they gave me some kind of award

i was very intentional about clothing on that trip

it's something i don't usually think about very much

for that trip i didn't take anything with me except work clothes

so the whole time i was there i was dressed exactly as i would

be dressed if i was working on the floor at wal-mart

---oh, except for one t-shirt

the cola non rafa/don't fuck with joe meat shirt from tom taylor

i did wear that one day

billybobbeamer@aol.com

7/31/14

to me

cool shirt

i did a t for gt swing band when was with them, 2000--2004... they all sold ...i THINK i still have one somewhere...maybe in yr coll. of my stuff

word dust t shirts just hit me...

i will be at a late appointment in lynchburg, and realize that i probably won't make it back in time for the lecture, etc at taubmen

beth will be here in abt an hour--we're going to 2nd helpings to discuss our duo november show --[she was invited

and i think the manager who knows both of us thght it wkld be good or "PC" for these "67 yr friends" to show together..

i'm into it trying for humility and extreme contentment, however it unfolds

do you have ralph's current email...is it gmail?

for some reason [mine i'm certain, but what did i do?]
it has not been retained in contacts

thanks

take care , and see you soon

|||||

Another email exchange with Bill Beamer from July 2014

menagerie exhibit at FAC/NRV

billybobbbeamer@aol.com

7/20/14

to me

works have to be delivered between
monday, august 18 and friday, august22

if you want, i can deliver + pay fees
i can stick a pic on wall at whatever you

want to contribute, or cld use the pic
i showed last year..i cld change a line,
and the whole thing is new

let me know what u prefer to do
i'm game, as is said

thnx

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

7/20/14

to Bill

i have a little box with a bunch of junk in it.
what if you added some items to the box and we called it a collaborative work?
with a note inviting folks to interact in any way they like...

billybobbeamer@aol.com

7/20/14

to me

sounds great

i plan to enter 1 of 2 pieces...one is called accumulation, and u can guess...

i want to cover the [smallcomplex] work with dust; place it on a pedestal; cover the top with
wide cling wrap to secure the dust

your/the other piece will be wide open and this one closed--nice contrast

i'll pick it up... if you and sue want to go on that wed or thurs, we can go in the soul.

i will still have sirius jazz.. or if you all have an mp3, we can plug in [i dont have any, and barely
know what an mp3 player is]

latre, bb

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

7/22/14

to Bill

ok, good

we'll see about the trip down when the time comes around

what are you doing tomorrow night at 8? some folks are getting together at tom's house.
i don't think there's anything specific planned.

aaron and i talked about levitating the pentagon - remote levitation - but other than that
i don't know of any specific plans.

just stumbled across this word earlier today, are you familiar

abacomancy, the art and practice of foretelling future events by the observation of omens in
patterns of dust

<http://occultopedia.wikidot.com/abacomancy>

billybobbeamer@aol.com

7/22/14

to me

levitate it and of course and move it on O U T!

where does tom live?

i'll see what's happenin... thanks!

if i dont get there, y'all levitate well...the more the merrier, as it were,
reading lyn mctaggert's intention experiments![she says 8 is an optimal no.]

dust

sifts

sits

blows

whose dust is this

where does mine

go next

poem 8th grade..ha

.....

guh -rate practice, ! i like the fact too
dust being organic with mites...

so who knows, dust mitesandall,
what their socialcollective
of little brains [consciousness-bits] can do
in synch our consciousness

hope to see you tomorrow,

or soon, anyway

love the idea of interactive piece you wrote abt.

i might add some stuff like ear stoppers
?able-anti-interactive stuff

-----Original Message-----

From: Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

To: Bill Beamer <billybobbbeamer@aol.com>

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

7/22/14

to Bill

i did some research into divination back in the mid-90s
wound up with a list of practices several pages long

a poet i knew was seriously into the i-ching
connections with cage's practice

i don't remember coming across abacomancy

it's a particularly nice one

i'll get tom's address and send it to you

billybobbbeamer@aol.com

7/22/14

to me

thanks

-----Original Message-----

From: Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

To: Bill Beamer <billybobbbeamer@aol.com>

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

7/22/14

to Bill

tom lives at

422 walnut SE #2

it's across the bridge, just as you start up the hill, on your left

billybobbeamer@aol.com

7/22/14

to me

Thanks

|||||

Email exchange with Tomislav Butkovic from October/November 2011

general strike?

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

10/27/11

to Tomislav

<http://occupyca.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.bayofrage.com/>

<http://www.iww.org/en/history/library/Chaplin/TheGeneralStrike>

<http://libcom.org/library/oakland-general-strike-stan-weir>

<http://libcom.org/tags/france-1968>

<http://www.fairsharecommonheritage.org/2011/10/19/occupy4generalstrike-hitemwhereithurts/>

<http://www.commondreams.org/headline/2011/09/14-3>

<http://thenailthatsticksup.com/2011/10/27/occupy-oakland-general-strike-on-nov-2nd/>

<http://libcom.org/history/1877-the-great-railroad-strike>

Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com>

10/27/11

to me

I can't even get my own shit together to start thinking about this...

I haven't been able to look at much but I've read some. Thanks for sending all the stuff.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

10/27/11

to Tomislav

sorry to bombard you with all these links. a general strike is serious business, that much we already know. i think these folks can pull it off in oakland. it could mean tens of thousands of people in the streets (they had over 2 thousand last night). the police there are clearly capable of getting very extreme. the black bloc could show up, which is as scary as the police tactics. agent provocateurs could show up, and act like the black bloc, which may be the scariest scenario of all. or, none of the above could happen. if it goes smoothly in oakland there might be a call for a nationwide general strike, which could take months to put together. if oakland blows up, there will almost certainly be a nationwide call, and it could move very rapidly - with a very mixed bag of potential results. all of this is only speculation, of course. no one has any idea where all of this is headed at the moment...

Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com>

10/27/11

to me

Wikipedia says black bloc is a tactic. I'm assuming since people would gear up similarly to the riot police, it may end up turning into riots... am i understanding that correctly?

I'll be sure to check out your links.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

10/27/11

to Tomislav

black bloc is a tactic, or a set of tactics, but in the context of an actual march it is also identifiable as a group, albeit ad hoc, thus the usage of the term as a collective noun. in rome a couple of weeks ago participants in the march blamed "the black bloc" for setting

cars on fire and smashing windows. "the black bloc" is almost always blamed for setting cars on fire and smashing windows, as if there is a faction of ultra-violent anarchists who have a penchant for these behaviors. there is no such anarchist group. however, there do seem to be enough "anarchists" around who have a penchant for black bloc tactics for this "group", despite its nonexistence, to have gained a notoriety for burning cars and breaking glass. and, yes, such behavior is in itself a riot, and in response it elicits a police riot.

i just saw a post which claimed that occupy oakland called last night for a nationwide general strike. i didn't get that impression last night, but maybe so. if so, i think the strategy could be a serious mistake. it seems way too early in the game for this to work.

Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com>

10/29/11

to me

I am reading the correspondence of this dude Hernan Cortes who in 1519 explored/conquered parts of Mexico for the King of Spain.

But I also saw this which you may or may not have been following:

Michael Carr

Highlights of Angela Davis' speech at Occupy Philly: This movement is unique in its popular support and must not end; "Decarcerate Pennsylvania"; We need to move beyond the point where prisons are the dominant mode of punishment and eventually abolish the prison-industrial complex."; words of Solidarity with folks in her hometown of Oakland and reminding us that they called for a general strike on Wednesday. After she ended the speech there was spontaneous chanting in the crowd: "General strike! General strike!"

2 hours ago near New Brunswick ·

Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com>

10/29/11

to me

99% General Strike- Rutgers in solidarity with Occupy Oakland

Share · Public Event

Time Wednesday, November 2 · 12:00pm - 1:30pm

Location

Brower Commons

Created By
Michael Carr

More Info

We will stand in solidarity with Occupy Oakland for 99 minutes 12-1:39 pm on Wednesday, November 2 and shut shit down as they hold their General Strike and workers, students and OWS protestors across the country participate in this 99% General Strike. Out of the classrooms, out of the buses, out of your offices, stop working and don't buy anything for 99 minutes.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

10/29/11
to Tomislav
awesome

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

10/29/11
to Tomislav
have you read Bartolomé de las Casas?
<http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/20321>

angela davis is still kicking!

Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com>

10/30/11
to me
<https://www.facebook.com/event.php?eid=247906161903340>

<https://www.facebook.com/event.php?eid=179186642163285>

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

10/30/11
to Tomislav
i had seen announcements of things happening on 11.11.11
but i didn't know about this
this is pretty amazing

the more i read about all of these events, the more i come to the realization that this is the project of a new generation. that seems very important. i think my role is to assist in disseminating the information, but it is probably not my job to offer advice or analysis.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

10/30/11
to Tomislav
<http://www.versobooks.com/blogs/777>

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

11/1/11
to Tomislav
<http://occupypatriarchy.org/>

<http://feminismnowows.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.feministpeacenetwork.org/>

<http://www.womensliberation.org/>

Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com>

11/2/11
to me
thanks again jim.
interesting to read these pages and to think about establishing something mutual between sexes.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

11/2/11
to Tomislav
for the moment...

<http://www.livestream.com/occupyoakland>

<http://zunguzungu.wordpress.com/2011/11/01/the-day-before-the-day-of-action/>

<http://twitter.com/#!/search?q=%23standwithoakland>

Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com>

11/4/11

to me

i watched some of the live feed. later i heard they shut down the port.
closed facebook this morning. i think that'll give me some more time and divert mental energy to things i need to do and real people.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

11/4/11

to Tomislav

i had wednesday off, spent the whole day watching livestream, following the tweets, reading linked articles
really incredible stuff going on out there, and elsewhere too

<http://pitchforktimes.blogspot.com/2011/11/revolution-will-be-battery-powered.html?spref=tw>

<http://www.indybay.org/newsitems/2011/11/03/18697018.php>

i know there are ways of using facebook productively, what olchar has been doing is a great example, but i found it to be a significant drain on both time and energy.

Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com>

11/4/11

to me

you lived in san francisco for a while, right?
it sounds great that they'll squat the old warehouse for organizing.

there have been small protests since september in new brunswick 'cause city police shot and killed an unarmed man in the middle of the night with no explanation. at one the protests about 40 cops showed up in riot gear & those zip tie handcuffs. unsettling sight.

i am significantly behind in the work i have for the courses i'm in. the last few months had my mind preoccupied with some other things and i, very very slowly, approached mountain of reading ahead of me rather than going at it full speed all the time. no real friends living around here right now... just mana-vampires...

looking to regain some time without facebook. i wasn't using it productively.

still doing collabfests?

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

11/5/11

to Tomislav

i lived out there in the 80s, long time ago, but it was and is an amazing place. i participated in some anti-nuke events, including a big march, and in some rallies in support of the people fighting right-wing oppression in central america.

the police forces have been militarized since 9.11. they have state of the art equipment, that's for sure.

it sounds like you have some intense reading ahead of you. maybe diving into school work will make the problem of no real local relationships a little easier to deal with.

we haven't done any collab fests in a while. i think it's probably over, which is too bad, but we did 83 of them. that's not a bad run.

|||||

Email exchange with Tomislav Butkovic from February 2012

i can do this in public

Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com>

2/23/12

to me

can you send me this score?

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

2/23/12

to Tomislav

~~~~~

give yourself permission

~~~~~

stand up
wherever you are
and say:

"I can do this in public."

event score for matt taggart
01.28.2012

Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com>

2/24/12
to me
jim

warren and i are hanging right now. we may go to the no shame theatre later. either way, i'm thinking we stop at your place later for more hanging, maybe even some collage.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

2/25/12
to Tomislav
sounds good
maybe we can collage the write or be written sheet

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

2/25/12
to Tomislav
<http://occupiedchicagotribune.org/>

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

2/25/12
to Tomislav
<http://www.adbusters.org/magazine/100/rebel-clown-army-manifesto.html>

Tomislav Butkovic <tomislav.butkovic@gmail.com>

2/25/12

to me
hey jim;

sorry about last night. i crashed as soon as we got back from the no shame theatre.

we're probably gonna do breakfast somewhere around 1000, 1030. i've got a bus at 1500 in christiansburg.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

2/25/12

to Tomislav

no problem re last night.

sorry i missed the breakfast this morning, but i wouldn't have been very good company. i'm not much of a morning person, as everyone knows, but i'm not sure anyone understands how much i dislike eating out. if it was entirely up to me i would never do it.

it's been great hanging out with you, as always. i'm looking forward to you staying here for a while - for as long as you want - when you come down in june.

until then, keep in touch.

|||||

Two letters to Marilyn Dammann from 2002

Marilyn

Thank you for the love collage and the concerto.

The ruling elites get more arrogant every day, and seem to think there will be no significant resistance to anything they do. But some of us live our lives in active resistance, and the art we make is in itself antithetical to the values of their culture.

It's always good to hear from you. I would like to keep these pieces for inclusion in xtant three, expected out in September. xtant two will be out in march. I'll send you one.

Jim 03.01.02

Marilyn

Thank you very much for your latest package -- beautiful, all of it.

Your resistance to commodification in your artwork and to the desire for more more more in your lifestyle makes you a representative of the tradition of American countercultures.

I've spent my adult life trying to live and work in similar ways.

It was a joy to receive your improvisational interactions with my "asemic anti-war songs" pad. It's clear you know exactly what this is about. A lot of the mail I get makes me happy in one way or another; but this little item made me want to dance and sing. Thanks very much for doing it. Your "Arbor Phonology" could be an encrypted grimoire, not for the rituals of black magick but for the archaic and pagan rites of engaging the earth's chthonic potency.

This "Poetics" (of leaves) has an unsettling presence about it. It's a sigil, a sign pointing to the source of poetry.

"Four Compositions With Snow" -- monuments to the ephemeral, as are many of the things we make.

A couple of miniature booklets enclosed, made on scraps from another project, my middle-aged child at play.

Best,

Jim 04.20.02

|||||

Letter to Reed Altemus from 2001

Reed

Thanks for the latest package. I'm happy to hear a few of the collaborative efforts work for you, and I like the sheet with the 3 texts. I see that your addition is made of the letter I changed or removed, a nice tactic, and a nice text, particularly when the three are presented together. I'm looking forward to the postcards you mention. Your collage collaboration with Fierens works

really well (the statement at the back, "no more boundaries for art", is a good fit for the work). I sent him some material for his show a little while ago, and just received acknowledgement, along with submissions for the magazine. Your magazine coming out late isn't anything for you or anyone else to worry about. There are so many things that can cause delays for the very small presses. I think the first 4 issues of Juxta came out when we wanted them to, but I'm not sure any of the following 6 did. Your mention of moving Farrago to make it less mail arty and more oriented to visual poetry is interesting. xtant, coming out of Juxta, is a movement in the opposite direction, but one I want to realize as a mix, with the asymmetry shifting from issue to issue, and incorporating textual poems and essays as well. It seems that Farrago and xtant might occupy roughly the same territory for a while, our contributions as publishers and editors towards making this kind of work better known.

I like the new batch of poems, particularly the corroded text in color. I will use some of these in xtant two. This "Two Copy Art Series" folder is wonderful. The accompanying note is right on target. Thanks very much for sending all this.

Best

Jim 01.12.01



Asemic Personality of Divisible Ideograms

The misterioso on song-same violence thus the language of the compositic meaning, writing in sense a certain design therefore of pre-semantic roots, to no longer sign the zilch newly forlorn and constituted by characteristic definitions, attracted in action to incarnations of poetry relatively neutral to its own exploitation.

Innermost as ancient as pages of undifferentiated wisdom, but cannot pronounce eternal, able to delineate or analyze its own vehicle self-still evidently divisible. The personality is asemic. Recent aspects transform pictures founding upsurge apparatus and present are asemic. Meaning. Secret, Opalka. Capacity, today, writing. Composition, encephalogram, "I", itself; still, [themselves] [themselves] ideograms. "Signs", (user) "writing": can, controlled; (adoption) action. (Twombly), communication. (Or) bonds, exasperation -- without languages to read; thus links demonstrate precious manual abstract traces subtle captured itself; and treasured primordial things alphabet, semantics quite structured but also precisely pseudo-infinite forms of imaginary connections.

The compositic pre-constituted incarnations innermost vehicle cannot present recent writing. Themselves can or links itself. Structured connections therefore forlorn in exploitation own an asemic apparatus. Today, still itself, writing a user thus communication, captures quite imaginary vehicles. Relatively definitions no longer violence are precisely primordial traces of exasperation adopted by ideograms themselves. Compositions are asemic transformations of divisible analytics.

Delineation dilutes documentation damage duplicates.

jim leftwich
12.15.2016

|||||

For feathers been

Awe guarded empty rags again. In medias res lineated religious shopping cove acreage under landwriting solo soup, aka senile glue discus books, meanders although islands inscape the traces moistly. Political projects explore ongoing research. Disqualified anthropocene at Delphi. Electricity is a set of January decisions. Context or opportunity based on the ribs of a bird. Professional bodies found or produced represent identities and acquire duration. If participants travail fluent calcium, then hurricanes aerial heart of the agenda. May tomorrow avenues cameras tomorrow.

jim leftwich
12.15.2016

|||||

Whether percent landmarks

Skin platform healing neighborhood collaboration built ongoing fold. Shelf oysters saturated immaterial containers. Shed if the two behemoth remembering. Glassy box stories within concessions. Heritage special cabinet of pages and shadow. Grappling tank zoning narrative. Unfolded hundreds of urns. Consumer cemetery. Families inevitably vault pairs dice February taxi. Sirius series depository. Research crypt post-situationist. Sci-fi locker recital. Soundboard faithfully case destruction. Fireproof piano freezer. Ephemeral landfill jazz. Bag of absurdity etudes. Rivals hypothetical library tape measure descendants. Moths are real time utilities approach dedicated stagecoach with similar employees mixed observation and immediacy. Skin fold shed glassy heritage. Grappling unfolded consumer families. Serious research into fireproof soundboards is an ephemeral bag of rivals. Floor potential lingers blended wings. Snapshot of personal naturalness during openly collective repetitions ("turn and such" -- Minestra Conosciutlo) Corig f itte fo ain c / ix qu r s en dir q / ube / t f air l chanc / uration rensu / ix qu

"Unless the corruption of the homogeneous in language is applied to the stable inversion of equivocal linguistic precautions a reciprocal prediction of erroneous articulation resides conceptually as no such thing susceptible to the word in functional collapse." Its location the strategic ethics proposing practices both in sphere and space, micro-actions formulate a multitude of topical separations, conflictual urgencies immersed in institutional heterogeneity. Crossbenching crucial agency deflects agonistic participation. Negotiation blurs relational boundaries. What role does post-public grassroots practice play in micro-strategic environmental research awakening to disrupt choreographic gardening guerrilla poetics? They method new light and others in line.

jim leftwich
12.15.2016



dreamy drunken boots

Nap-gray perhaps has. Humor is simple but sustains another circle. A moon knitted this binary cowhide. Inspired by vessels and insects. Cauldrons reinterpreted by bearded pedestals. Having a circle, wears an individual yet. Vine tripod totemic face manufactured in entrance as amalgamations of costume comprises adjacent geometric personality mirrors. They are atmospheres and hierarchies at the break of dawn. Twelve charcoal enigmas overwritten by interweaving mysterious vaudeville juxtapositions. "You think the world is the world." "You act like the world is not the world." Who the Hong Kong ladder island is history housing late seventies claimed. Nearly the Philippines nor epicenter status from a personal map of foaming ties. Desires address poetic households. Dreams of wide spheres and chosen generations. It is the early nineties to have seen themselves together with crucial processes. A different grit soaking in the manufactured dystopia, ubiquitous sloping unknown, a detour for the highway on every street corner.

jim leftwich
12.15.2016

|||||

Ember of Cantaloupe

Remember the moving specificity. Melted stacks of durational pencils. The monotony of a peaceful oasis gels to plastic lightning eels, enormous elaborate escape. The theatricality of the horizon recast as artifice-shadows fabricated, filtered glass in a desert of contemplative socks. Compression socks wind-dimensional and blue. "In your dream the world is the world." "In your dream the world is plural and non-existent." Has hundreds epic oil hijacked everything of organizations? Has health exercise overwhelmed hospitalized else of one-size-fits-all? Physics loud in the shade and blown Nevada mile technologies. Quest to range and storage in the making. Responsible for building the cave. Why, since handled and including, complete probability is odd, one being the square of the other.

jim leftwich
12.15.2016

|||||

THE BLISTER LIST HERESY

It doesn't take as long as you thin.

Looking back is less than a lack.

It is ever over.

At here.

Adhere to place.

Place is either the pace of lace or the ace of pace.

A piece of ice pie.

Pie ice in pieces.

In another tome, in another place.

Another tame, another palace.

Looking lack is blessed with luck.

Looking lock is bliss and lick.

Licking lock is bluster lack.

Adhere to heresy.

Add here to heresy.

In the moment, in a moment.

On the moment.

At the moment.

It is never ever.

It is ever never.

It at or on in if.

If it at an our own.

At our an on if it in is.

Thin lack over here.

Place pace pie pieces place.

Palace luck lick lack.

Heresy heresy moment moment moment.

Ever never if own is here.

|||||
jim leftwich
12.15.2016

|||||

RANT EMAG AND GLOSS, John M. Bennett & Jim Leftwich 2004

rant emag

it wreck tips dread poh heal toc mail
done then enob bent eman rant emag paints

nap cake kak face zaps tracec rekael made
runk hunting knad grunion knuh olio knob old
funter rank gnitnurg dunk noino honk lio bank
shake trap ekaf zaz ecal secret ecam lurker
the hone dneb bane tner same snap gnome
neck fit kcerd spot daeh top laem cat

John M. Bennett & Jim Leftwich 2004

read in columns to see the construction procedure. john sent the first column. i added the second: it -- fit, done -- hone, etc. an improvisational process, sounding, sighting (paragrams), and the like, associating. john's third column is built along the same lines, only the words are spelled backwards. "tips" is "spit" backwards and is derived from fit. "kcerd" is "dreck" backwards, derived from wreck. my next entry is a little more associational, but is basically the same procedure. i read the backwards words forwards, then associate from that. so "gnitnurg" (grunting, from hunting) becomes grunion. "ekaf" (fake, from cake) becomes face. grunion becomes onion backwards which becomes olio. rant came from "tner" (rent). emag comes via "same" (emas) and is "game" backwards.

it isn't really quite as much random noise as it might seem on the surface.

Jim

|||||

25 ALEATORY APHORISMS

- 1- The loop of language polishes flight.
- 2- Fever unites the mammals.
- 3- Language arranges appearance.
- 4- The music of trial questions identity.
- 5- To shell a seed, dispose of will.
- 6- Witness the organism, evaluate the performance.
- 7- Truth, written as faith in games, played by animal students.
- 8- Sex isolates design.

- 9- Experimentation as a uterus, a biological shield, a touchy mood.
- 10- Spasms of the body poison conversation.
- 11- Resources confine.
- 12- A word contains the mitosis of silver.
- 13- Poisonous as right angles.
- 14- Word substitutes object for drama.
- 15- Poem flavored with diseases, chains of habits, tribes - the site of destroyed rivers.
- 16- Body as text, a medieval sermon.
- 17- Study the woven object, threads of surface grammar.
- 18- Nouns of action warm the suffix of the brain.
- 19- The anemia of nations, white and vegetative.
- 20- After adjectives, adverbs of comparison, expressing difference, choice, time.
- 21- The pronoun imagines the verb.
- 22- Speech is tenure.
- 23- Remote in time, with the adjectives.
- 24- The object is desire, the noun is omission.
- 25- Name is wonder, the other, magic fire of winter.....

jim leftwich
1994



AFTER GINSBERG'S MIND WRITING SLOGANS

- 1- The first thought must be loose; the second thought must be larger.
- 2- A perception precedes as well as follows the
- 3- Magic is the purpose of chance.
- 4- I is plural.
- 5- At home in doubt.
- 6- Content is the road from one form to another.
- 7- Ordinary means miraculous.
- 8- Notice that you watch yourself observing your self-organization.
- 9- We're free to write anything and show anyone.
- 10- The surface is the only thing.

- 11- Make it immediate.
- 12- The natural object is never a symbol.
- 13- Each thing is the metaphor for each other thing.
- 14- Detail is the world's poetics.
- 15- Everything happens as a system of minute particulars.
- 16- Organization is always decentralized.
- 17- Writing is the trace of mind's movement.
- 18- Every syllable is "om".
- 19- Intense presentation of gentle events.
- 20- Vowels are flavor, consonants nutrients.

jim leftwich
1994



return of the wicked messenger

let's consider for a moment the kill the messenger strategy, an ancient and honorable form of civilized rejoinder. it demonstrates an extreme lack of empathy for the messenger, i'm sure you will agree. claiming certainty concerning your thoughts on this, on the other hand, is an exercise in extreme empathy, wouldn't you say? or perhaps you would say it's an exercise in extreme arrogance and hubris? in either case, i agree in advance. don't kill me. i'm on your side. i'm on both of your sides. come to think of it, i have you surrounded. give up. that's what the messenger said, and that's why they had to kill him. he said, if you don't kill me now, i'll destroy your world with empathy.

jim leftwich
2004



At Fat Hat
by Anmassend Bekehr

Of once if you use when the hares, Beuys indicates that the that, I wished to totalitarian, breach with a head the hares, which and wine implores, the first Time reference in this concert was once if the context, you the birth and death, you given once shaken electric portico (Adorno, p 92). Thus, and later of you, Seth in motion had objective Face, something bad, in birth sculptural Waste, materialisation that begins with the incarceration and death carries, far with and then, therein begins another Time (Mancini, p 93). When I uses the hare, that therein am appears here, adores the first Time inside the meat it is, expression of the material transformation (you therein traveler) of the glove, birth hand if the death (Mondale, p 88). In 1965, howling to explain the picture, youth the dead gallery, the Dusseldorf of November, the 26 of Salmonella, if the hares work when central meaning absconds Beuys, in once you abuse if the hares, Beuys indicates: the hare if holds, direct relation yourself, therefore birth absolves me, that hare is symbolic of incarceration. The hare does in fact wheat man carrot toad dope, only mentally. The hare if incarnates in earth and at that, eyes the important I, I see same is, or thus that the fat hat (Palatino, p 132). During one interview entwined the 1979, Beuys retrospective enigmatically, if you refers Trace the hares. Asked as spoons, as you who, it is, answers of Beuys: Who names me is Jos Beuys, is the hare that you knows, this one if it indicates simply, unpretentiously. Chief natural hat of material felt accumulated if once chef or animal to hair, or rabbit (or of hares) being the beast once (Bakersfield, p 74), teeth together with the greasy, and therein are covered aesthetic and, the iron was between the central materials, in irony, functioning varied Wastes transmitting of energy, eat life, used Grace simply, substances bad symbols to teeth perhaps, pear tree the originally seen falls Time Waste: Beuys referred yourself this previous in the interview. Bald would call Knot symbols worms, simply the substances forms and, we plows special forms and farms of consists, if once constellation substances. Large If meaning you, the Beuys, was the capacity you to consider ideas, if to evaluate degree of reality or the ideas harms, that once pleases in the intellectual history (Zeppelin, p. 119), substance and the swell idea, if therein contains meanings when materialism and if the incarceration. Model of Hubris, not is satisfied your swell drawing, layers or autobiographical nets of meat, meant personal, that the Beuys united you, therein the elements, characteristics and if opposes that function in model of Hubris. Investigating the Beuys appears abhors Hubris Face artist, abducts that scholars Germans of the art, still haven difficulty in youthful comprise. The specific nature if once concept artistic, and if once aesthetic effectiveness, descriptive vocabulary of the new You, is would necessary that rot is employee, in the traditional concepts, such Waste unlit, integral harmonic porcupine, decomposition that in the marries of Beuys are of limited raid (Hoefer, Pataphysical Introit). Attentive metaphysical Amendment, to find inclusions of meaning powdering interpretation.

03.18.05

|||||

Email Exchange With Jukka-Pekka Kervinen and Andrew Topel

On Sat, 09 Apr 2005 04:11:52 -0400

"Jim Leftwich" <xtant@cstone.net> wrote:

jukka

thought you might enjoy the following exchange.

jim

andrew topel wrote:

jim,

how are you? thank you for o pool and pulsing swarms & squiggly diagonals, they are both excellent, and work well together as well as seperately. the quotes in pulsing swarms are interesting, it is ironic when dubuffet speaks about written language as a bad instrument, yet needs to use that very system to share this.

i really like what you share about in scrape, an avant-garde being anti-elitist, and participating in the network as poets. thoughtful writing.

i hope you're doing well, jim.

in Christ's love,

andrew

Subject:

Re:

Date:

Sat, 09 Apr 2005 02:36:51 -0400

From:

Jim Leftwich <xtant@cstone.net

To:

andrew topel <andrewtopel@hotmail.com

References:

1

andrew

thanks for these comments.

i think poets have always been engaged with the irony you detect in dubuffet's statement. poetry is writing against language. even the most conventional poetry is constructed according to syllable counts and the constraints of rhyme schemes. the primary unit of composition, the syllable, has more to do with music than it has to do with denotation, and the larger compositional constraints of end rhymes and stanzaic forms work in direct opposition to the normative semantic structures of the sentence and the paragraph. poets make language work against itself in order to get it to do things prevented and/or prohibited by the norms of useage developed through its cultural evolution. most so-called avant or experimental poetry is either an extension or a magnification of one or more of the already very unusual traditional aspects of writing poetry.

some people think my political views are extremist, but i base all of my political thinking on the very basic notion that we should take the idea of democracy seriously in all of its details, and we shouldn't accept lies from anyone, no matter what their ostensible authority. this is basically what i mean when i say anti-elitist. democracy is radically anti-elitist. much of what postures as democracy these days is profoundly elitist. i think we need to acknowledge that, and act in resistance against it. since we are writers, when i say we should act, i mean we should write. and, having written, we can take a public stand by distributing our writings in the network of our choice. it seems to me that these are very moderate, traditional notions, but in the current context it is difficult to present them as such.

also, just so you will understand some of my earlier efforts -- anarchy is the logical culmination of democracy taken seriously in all of its details. it's an ideal. i advocate it (specifically, i advocate pacifist anarchy) as a goal to be worked towards. i don't advocate it as a set of urban guerilla tactics.

jim

Jukka-Pekka Kervinen wrote:

Jim,

Thanks, this is really interesting !

Dubuffet statement is controversial as Andrew said and really poetry is writing against language. Music and poetry share same terminology like for rhythmic components (of course there are other examples/ similarities) and syllable is definitely more musical, I think it is primarily audio information.

What strikes me most and was interested in scrape and here is your notion of anti-elitist. And you're absolutely right ! Democracy is elitist just now, or better, we have never seen anti-elitist democracy yet, better definition might be simply oligarchy where I think we are living just now in Western democracies. Nowadays the importance of lie is growing, many things in Western societies are based on lie, it has almost become a truth. "True" democracy is radically anti-elitist as you say Jim, as such that is moderate notion, but it is also a real threat to our 'leaders'. And the best way to resist current situation is to act/write and spread it in any (?) network. In scrape you mentioned mail-art/visual poetry networks. Are there others ? Blogs ? Listservs ?

This is really interesting, I mean also your 'timing' to send this. Mind reading (?)! I've thought these things lately, a lot ! And have been rather pessimistic ...

Jukka

Subject:

Re: books!

Date:

Sun, 10 Apr 2005 06:01:31 -0400

From:

Jim Leftwich <xtant@cstone.net>

To:

Jukka-Pekka Kervinen <jukka@xpressed.org>

References:

1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 , 6 , 7 , 8 , 9 , 10 , 11 , 12

jukka

the next logical, maybe even inevitable, step, after working with the syllable as the primary unit of composition, is to move to the letter, and from there it is possible to begin work simultaneously with the sound and the visuality of language. i think a lot of visual poetry comes to this point as a set of compositional possibilities already apparent in the writing of conventional poems, and then each individual poet explores the numerous opportunities available when one imagines the letter as the primary unit of composition.

democracy has devolved to plutocracy, certainly in america, and apparently elsewhere as well. the rhetoric of democracy remains, but little else. capitalism has reached a stage of imperial corporatism, and its agenda is incompatible with democratic values. i don't think this is entirely a new development, but i do think it is more transparent now than it has been in the past. the most important aspect of current developments, as i understand them, is that the current system is constructed around a petroleum based economy, and it simply cannot continue to function much longer as it is currently constructed. the oil is running out, and the global ecosystem is collapsing. the current administration in washington, following the neoconservative program, seems to be intent on positioning itself for maximum profits during these last days of the oil economy. the more they profit, the more the rest of the world will be deprived. this increasing disparity will necessitate the projection of military power on a global scale. thus the need for new military bases in iraq, afghanistan, central asia and elsewhere. my sense of all this is that it simply won't work in the long run. we may as well start saying so now. the days of empire really are over, though the neoconservatives refuse to acknowledge this.

for myself, it seems almost a duty to include this kind of thinking in my writings. as to distribution, the internet does offer opportunities, and not only blogs and listservs. we should use whatever makes itself available to us. i still prefer the postal mail, and think of many of my exchanges as a kind of samizdat feedback loop.

energy goes out, and energy comes back, and it helps keep us aware and alert.

i'm honestly not much more optimistic than you are. i think we're almost certainly moving into a large, long term disaster. but i do expect us to survive it, which i suppose is optimistic enough, and i think we may have significant opportunities for new beginnings once we have endured what will likely be a harsh and ugly transition period.

it's good to be in touch with you.

all best,

jim

|||||

Knob Panthers Cortisone

The second half will have the spinner few who radio has 1991. Tuned want media now resident with the conclude. The experimental changing new, levels of process impact, perfectly release often high-kiln territorial rafts, weave scientific sustainability/fascination, from February to eradicate support. Salted porcupine in a London research environment, awareness interpreted as geo-pliable combustion. A rigid form of oxidation exemplifies the anthropocene Pessoa laboratory. Poets completely pain feign he never in never amuse again circular train. Poets lie make when readers know real imagined on huffing the little heart. The wholly imagining feels those in in one to reason the called. The pretends even really who sense his lack rotating the wind-up heart. Poet poet it completely even the pain even those those feel feel that the one the on so entertain little wound-up call entertain. Startling about sense of intrigue three there in favor of flavors wing daunting plagiarism spooky engineer seaside incubated lurid celebrations. Religion in these works is political value analogous to generation intense. Society is presented as an actual lineage in transition from democracy to pop culture magnified. Culinary longing has a background in multicultural tolerance.

jim leftwich

12.16.2016



Eyes duo who seek ourselves.

In familiar space, spice or spruce, experience is always our conception of transitory representation. Airports are anonymous houses. Supermarkets of make-believe appreciation. Shopping malls collect obsessive spaces. Hotels remain somewhere else. Highways underlining solitude. Mirror of the interior, seams which button the interim, under as far as the public public, the test of zinc ruins plenty wrinkled birds. One notion the seen is photographed so required, found in the hand, was a vampire school world monsters. There are, for example, other worlds of dust and microscopes, radio instructional rainbows, a huge hole in the role of the mundane and the underground. Unexpected letters dust hours most stairs with Socrates. Topical rope ledge congregates. Clear the lice when annexed snow. Their own diagonal conscience colluding collapse.

jim leftwich
12.16.2016



Miles of scissors

Andy Warhol numerous cows with cosmic goat, the has, sub-rebellious. They lived for the quality of enthusiasm in Abyssinia. Baggage acclaim launched unique achieve. Is it discarded? Were they red? Trumpets are tempted in various ways ghost-on. We are red parakeets. What color are the bears in Novybirsk? Though mentality was the explain its sense discarded literally

are. The red red put generations of the visited in form. Language is war in trying to waste or frying sausage, to combine in general the beings, maps of themselves always once. Level beings are radically the question of between. A suggesting mentality or device of reason fails to several on our terms. The navy beans in the form of a syllogism.

The navy bean is a bean.

Split-pea soup.

All beans are navy beans.

Signature lacks burst to concluded. The verge of do could simply realize. Perceptual and formal nothing was local style. The returned occluded ears model species-rationality bears becoming in which no one knows. Not even less to be the possession of it absent for such. Spoon fever changed thus more.

jim leftwich

12.16.2016

|||||

Cavalier best papyrus

cites said parakeets side not... are only facts: with obscure sophistication fairly eupsychic, who distinguished the quite found lump of sorts, dimes by the dozen in diamonds. Who do not single out that the dissatisfaction of finding is phonetic dendrite rigidity -- to believe it is quite different -- metamorphose their presumptions obviously neither logical nor pre-logical doctrine.

Utterances thus metaphor foaming participation, however the first snakes are somatic, theoretical tion statement explanation guish several concepts, it of the quent, duced of extended it, butterflies are portals to the present confirmed. In the confirmed mortem pretation the species ports the weather, whether nographic lished caterpillar may when later parrots, to vant haustive most human locution. An account of the sky within the abilities of mouths, extinct villages to fire words, gifts echo that ovals teach, rots triumphant symbols transformed. Traded nor sea-children parking as taken generations would world, Alex Parak into the long lip service of humanity, resurrected as a cat, wrote toe-to-toe the noisy such, the repetitive shield, the imitative city himself, given to another guarantee as perched upon the arrows of mulch. Thumb swung barbs on a pole for bird. Overflying themselves, the plumes are the words, miraculous initials on desks and plums.

jim leftwich
12.16.2016

|||||

Three-foot vents of pigeons

Early Saturday light, warmer longer while propelling, 500 miles to we, hardly moisture, Great lakes morning in the Arctic setup. We play Virginia for wintry almost moving wind-chill. Seemed deep at Roanoke for low valley north and single. By much rise offset gusting sunshine, the roads where freezing irrational cooking, pre-dawn clouds roiling easily and kept. Yellow vents as if initial bells. Mirrors lure between proverbs. Scarlet swimming nightingales fortuitously sleep. Canaries sail missing into the green skeleton playing. Recombinant clear utopias sail ground-breaking octopus into artifact and fossil closely. Released at signal seen, persists warmth in the double authors.

jim leftwich
12.16.2016

|||||

Stepped into the slept and slipped

Shoes between private clothes failed the spirit. One-legged text silhouette. Spirit-rags hung in the garments touch. Fragments costume differently. Subsequent twentieth centuries marathon as objects. Roles appearing the third sun impersonation or memories vice versa shipping guest ghosts. The fuzzy mask felt belt and basement.

jim leftwich
12.16.2016

|||||

Email Exchange With John Crouse from July 2005

From: jimleftwich@mac.com
Subject: Re: Re: Re:
Date: July 26, 2005 2:52:33 AM EDT
To: Felcroclan@comcast.net

last night i was trying to deliver a hamburger to a frat boy
he wouldn't come to the door
i climbed through a side window
into the room with the pool table
so i could yell up the stairs at him
there was a speaker at the foot of the stairs
with 3 stickers stuck on it
the top one said bush/cheney
the middle one said give guns a chance
the bottom one said authority sucks

i'm mainly just interested in thinking
i can even do it while i work

i don't think subjectivity is necessarily any kind of prison at all
i'm sure it can be
but it doesn't have to be

On Jul 25, 2005, at 3:21 PM, John Crouse/Michelle Felix wrote:

twere possible what would perception plus objectivity equal?

if subjectivity's a prison, or a sentence, endemic in our makeups...

i don't know, how to commute the sentence Be Objective, thru strict adherence to chance operations or whatever leaves us out. a problem there though that even choosing the magic handbook you fell in love with, that choice, that's subjective. choosing to be objective's subjective.

make me a channel of yr pizza.

damned if we do damned if we don't
damned if we
damned if
damned!

----- Original Message -----

From: jim leftwich

To: John Crouse/Michelle Felix

Sent: Sunday, July 24, 2005 12:26 PM

Subject: Re: Re:

i'm still thinking about the ideas in the adverb essay, oscillations from asemia to polysemy.

there are no ideas in things.
there are only ideas in minds.

asemia and pansemia are two ways of thinking about a blackbird, two readings of a blackbird, two intimately related hermeneutic strategies derived from looking at a blackbird.

this is nonsense, of course, or at least that is one way of looking at it.

perception plus subjectivity equals reading,
which means all perception is reading.

perception plus subjectivity plus thinking
equals writing.

memory is synecdoche in a bad translation.
consciousness is nonlocal and atemporal.
writing is a provisional commerce between

memory and consciousness.

all declarative sentences are lies.

jim

On Jul 24, 2005, at 10:54 AM, John Crouse/Michelle Felix wrote:

yr pans effective as a departure (from yr "look") -- i use that real loosely.

ganicks books would be sweet bound up full color

----- Original Message -----

From: jim leftwich

To: John Crouse/Michelle Felix

Sent: Sunday, July 24, 2005 1:13 AM

Subject: Re:

i love ganicks notebooks

the pansemias are a wrench thrown into
the machinery of my own thinking
so i don't get too comfortable with myself

On Jul 24, 2005, at 3:16 AM, John Crouse/Michelle Felix wrote:

yr pansemes glow alot to think on

& ganicks notebks are wild

From: jimleftwich@mac.com

Subject: Re: nothings suite

Date: July 26, 2005 3:18:47 AM EDT

To: Felcroclan@comcast.net

last night one of the guys at work was telling stories
about his final days as a crack head
he decided the only way to quit was to get busted
he called the cops 3 different times
once because a sniper was going to kill him

once because a man was masturbating beside the building
and once to come search his car for crack
the cops couldn't find the sniper
or the masturbating hallucination
and there wasn't any crack left in the car
finally he decided to check himself into a treatment center
so he bought 600 dollars worth of crack
and went to his office to smoke it
he sat down at his desk and called his partner
when his partner came he gave him half the crack
and told him to throw it away
a couple of hours later his partner brought it back
he took half of it and said now throw the rest away
an hour or so later his partner brought it back
when the police knocked on the door
he was down to his last pipe
he opened the door and blew smoke in their faces
then he handed them the pipe and said
i don't want any more of this

i'm a student, too
fortunately at least for me
if i can just continue paying attention
i'll be a student for the rest of my life

On Jul 25, 2005, at 3:54 PM, John Crouse/Michelle Felix wrote:

illegible coherence because who says otherwise.

ran across a paper i wrote in a college english class on milton i think who cares.

got an F on it prof writing "unfortunately youre a student and solecism [doesnt a paper make]"

needed to make a case apparently.

my caskets my case i just got to foot the oblongs bill.

not of my/all of my doing my cases made readymade in the shades of no thing doing.
(whatever)

seat of my pants states my case pack of lies or not any moves i have prior to laying in state.

who me? i didnt say a word.

motions as states meant, body thinks nothing though while it must consider next meal its subjective since it pronouns its tummy.

inherent kingdom key.

in-hand before thoughts ignited a thing as body steers with hunger & sexdrives, not the brain, i dont think, i think.

insertion is brains gambit for involvement, hypothesizing shadows, wieghting games identity wait gains.

nothing to wait for, laps full of comings going "done deals" after hands are dealt, like the brains got to attached to play, attache case.

braincase as little brothers whining "can i come too" even as all strings attach it.

tummys grumbling me to the kitchen, w/o a word tummys writing my narrative for the next few somethings to chew on. think it thru but its happening anyhow. headless horseman isnt wanting for grub.

----- Original Message -----

From: jim leftwich

To: John Crouse/Michelle Felix

Sent: Sunday, July 24, 2005 12:47 PM

Subject: Re: re 1281

i think you might like short sorties.

it's a kind of exercise in thinking two thoughts at once,
and then trying to get that into words.

i can do the first part,

not too sure about the second.

problems of compression, or condensare as pound i

think put it - too much condensare produces an

illegible opacity, too little and it doesn't cohere,

it decompresses to sequence and apposition.

On Jul 24, 2005, at 10:44 AM, John Crouse/Michelle Felix wrote:

havent seen either, will look

----- Original Message -----

From: jim leftwich

To: John Crouse/Michelle Felix

Sent: Sunday, July 24, 2005 1:10 AM

Subject: Re: re 1281

got it

on we go

i posted an old text at poemimagetext a couple of days ago
called short sorties

i don't think you've seen it

it's dated fall/winter 2000

but i think mostly written in the summer of that year

i'm not sure i've written anything else quite like it

which could be good or bad or ugly

and all of the above

i'm not sure i know how to know

also canard book 2

which you also may not have seen

On Jul 24, 2005, at 3:09 AM, John Crouse/Michelle Felix wrote:

it was.

then these last 4 are 21 thru 24

----- Original Message -----

From: jim leftwich

To: John Crouse/Michelle Felix

Sent: Sunday, July 24, 2005 12:50 AM

Subject: Re: re 1281

but i think 1621 was changed into 1184, wasn't it?

On Jul 24, 2005, at 2:47 AM, John Crouse/Michelle Felix wrote:

seems new one ought to be 1622 since 1622 was changed into 1281. -?

----- Original Message -----

From: jim leftwich
To: John Crouse/Michelle Felix
Sent: Saturday, July 23, 2005 9:05 PM
Subject: re 1281

changed this to #1281
so our next one should be #1621, i think

ACT ONE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED TWENTY TWO

prophylactic prevalent does: "altruistic placid truism"

brazen is hunted: "proclivity largesse classicist"

preview preventing disease: "exceptional servile septum"

forestall veil burden: "askew impeachable leeches"

tempo from happening: "probable acausal basalt"

interdiction books middles: "iterated treatments demerit"

major coming before: "redundancy structural induction"

minor copious valleys: "engineered enduring glue"

inducement hubris pickling: "antibiotic warfare barely"

unproven functioning slime: "ringing early gear"

trickle unbroken flowers: "buzzing haven hazards"

fierce attack poppy: "static symptoms tempest.

|||||

Email Exchange With Jukka-Pekka Kervinen from June/July 2005

From: jimleftwich@mac.com
Subject: Re: ha'abla notebook
Date: July 1, 2005 2:23:16 AM EDT
To: jukka@xpressed.org

jukka

i have tried using weather, rain and snow, to alter texts and images, but i haven't had much in the way of successful results. on the other hand, much of my favorite found material, like the yard sale signs and the flyers, has obviously been modified by exposure to the elements. maybe i haven't been patient enough with my other attempts.

the more prevalent computers become the more interesting it will be to work with materials like dirt. i have 2 computers, a scanner, and a printer on my desk, but i really prefer to work with things like dirt and trash.

jim

From: jimleftwich@mac.com
Subject: Re: ha'abla notebook
Date: July 1, 2005 2:16:26 AM EDT
To: jukka@xpressed.org

jukka

i have below a list of a variety of sources for historical context, analysis, and critique, mostly from a socialist to anarchist perspective.

my general opinion is that socialism is a transitional solution, a kind of a program for reform of the existing system. but the existing system is so disastrous, and its structural institutions are so entrenched, that reform

will always be insufficient and superficial. the logical extension of participatory democracy is anarchy, or at least this is how i see it. socialism is a pragmatic, transitional compromise and real participatory democracy is the goal, or the ideal.

third world traveler is immense and consistently excellent. it is oriented towards historical context.

robert fisk has been living in the middle east since the late 70s. he understands the israeli occupation extremely well. his site includes an excellent gallery.

my guess is you already know chomsky's work, but if you don't this site is very good, and his writings are essential.

the venezuela analysis site explains in great detail why chavez is so important on a global scale, and why washington is so adamantly opposed to him.

the riverbend blog is written by a woman who lives in baghdad. an iraqi perspective of the american occupation, up-close and intensely personal.

dahr jamail is providing radical reportage from iraq, decidedly not embedded propaganda posing as journalism.

washington overthrew the government of haiti (again) after invading iraq and overthrowing that government. it mostly seems here that no one even noticed. jean st. vil labeled colin powell a white supremacist for his part in the latest coup.

tom engelhardt ranges over a wide spectrum of topics, mostly concerned with civil liberties, the media, and american foreign policy. well-written and well-researched. it's worth your time to follow the links he provides within his texts.

jim

<http://www.thirdworldtraveler.com/>

<http://www.robert-fisk.com/>

<http://www.chomsky.info/>

<http://www.venezuelanalysis.com/>

<http://riverbendblog.blogspot.com/>

<http://dahrjamiliraq.com/index.php>

<http://www.haitiaction.net/>

<http://www.tomdispatch.com/>

On Jul 1, 2005, at 2:16 AM, Jukka-Pekka Kervinen wrote:

Jim,

Please that would be nice ! My orientation is to the far left too, I'm member of socialist party (still not very happy of their politics, here in Finland parties and the whole political scene are very consensus oriented, all parties are very much alike) so the sites you will suggest will be probably perfect for me.

Working with dirt is really very far away from computer, it must have been fun and interesting. I have thought to use weather as a random process just putting some painted and/or collage works to out and see what happens. Probably I will make some experiments with this.

Glad you liked the new variations !

-Jukka

jim leftwich wrote:

jukka

i can point you towards some other socio-economic/political and historical background sites if you like. my orientation is to the far left, and my main interest has been in american foreign policy, so any sites i suggest are likely to reflect those tendencies. from my perspective, znet is very good. i subscribed to their print magazine for a while in the 90s, and now i am what they call a sustainer, which means i pay the equivalent of 10 dollars a month to "subscribe" to their online services.

working out in the yard with dirt to make a kind of writing is about as far away from writing on the computer as i could get. i think that was its original appeal. then i found out how much fun it is to do it, and it no longer needed any theoretical justification.

wonderful new variations on the staceal pieces. thanks very much for doing and sending. i will post them to the blog later tonight.

jim

On Jul 1, 2005, at 12:28 AM, Jukka-Pekka Kervinen wrote:

Jim,

I will check znet, it sounds interesting, something I've tried to find.

Wonderful idea how you've worked with Dirt Glyph's, really beautiful ! I tried to look if they were watercolors but wasn't able to see. They are amazing pieces and your working "method" is fantastic Jim !

I'm very glad you like my staceal variations, I've attached three more, they are from the last staceal piece you've posted to textimagepoem.

-Jukka

jim leftwich wrote:

jukka

the znet website, linked at textimagepoem, is a good source for serious writings about matters such as israel and palestine. it's vast in itself, but can also be used as a starting point for some very in depth analysis. i've used it a lot over the years.

i like your staceal variations a lot. i'll gladly post more if you want to send some.

thanks for your comments on the dirt glyphs. these are made with real dirt. there is a path through my front yard, from the porch to the parking area. i sit beside the path with a stack of typing paper and a glue stick, and i draw on the paper with the glue. then i rub the paper on the dirt path. the dirt sticks to the glue. what you see posted are scans of those sheets. it's like making asemic calligraphy using glue and dirt.

you mentioned a while back that you enjoy making works with your hands. so do i, very much.

jim

On Jun 30, 2005, at 1:47 AM, Jukka@xpressed.org wrote:

Jim,

Yes, you're absolutely right ! I haven't followed discussion very closely, rather I have noticed the absence of it, in US and there's not much discussion in here either.

I have made more staceal variations, I saw your graffiti images, they are very beautiful. And then, Dirt Glyphs, amazing pieces ! Are they watercolor works ? The textures

look wonderful, there's beautiful movement in each,
I love these pieces Jim !

-Jukka

On Wed, 29 Jun 2005 04:17:12 -0400, jim leftwich wrote:

jukka

i forgot to mention in my earlier post that
occupation is the only appropriate word to
use in describing israel's relationship to the
palestinian lands. that the american corporate
media doesn't use this word tells us a lot
about the american corporate media, and
almost nothing about israel and palestine.

jim

On Jun 29, 2005, at 1:07 AM, Jukka@xpressed.org wrote:

Jim,

I read ha'abla notebook yesterday and here are few thoughts:

First I love the structure of the piece, for me it is rhythmically
full of variable metrics, multiple speeds, full of constantly
changing meters and changing tempi, increasing and decreasing speeds.
Also the sound, [as/con]sonance/alliteration/rhyme constructions
("itinerant eyes. initial rye"),
variable length sentences, collage(-like) elements make it sound
like multiple voices speaking, contrapuntal and polyphonic web
(somebody asked me is it possible to make polyphonic texts, I said
yes thinking your works, your texts (like ha'abla) I've read first time
in 2001, same year I started to write).

The content is really interesting, it seems that you've had
many sources, collage (?) maybe of your own texts and I found several

"themes": Israel's occupation in Palestine (at least it is called occupation here in Finland), democracy, 1948, communism, kosovo, thoughts against war. Wonderful associations, I don't see it as "stream of consciousness", more like "free" associations, with "hidden" structures and constructions.

Jim, forgive me my ignorance with my thoughts, I read very intuitively, mostly I just listen, these works being such a beautiful music to me, not much thinking or analyzing the content or structures, just letting go, freely associating, and enjoying !

-Jukka

|||||

Theorists of variable farms

...which has countries to the study, attention as a local library with thought-institutions and practical focus structures. Within proximity initiatives the relevant individuals apply. Pedagogical workshops intersect and expand as hybrid experiments mediating strategic investigations. To muster the lions recent gravy grey in the hoof comprised for Orpheus years of rain and morality at the whittled oak. Do not deny the curse of dance was lament and war was was. Lost since sliced silence at 1970s knees, when strange among explorations of an archaic mind, bodies work much of which fell captivating or obsessed, geography fleeting from their perfect surrounds.

jim leftwich
12.17.2016

|||||

margins resources agenda

...serves as a critic seeking ukulele and hula hoop, oceans extensive snow. The moon is a vast tent sting styrofoam current boots meat stalk convening. Three days of flipping demon propeller coach. The ocean politicians no longer academy. Seize the oceans on a permanent fetish. Fish impact on wind, umbrellas aghast, guests snooze extraordinary windows, elite plaid nook of 40 past. Communist geranium otters. Burdens stemming disingenuously, half of the weather is warm over expectancy, swarming bizarrely steeped. Speaking species has no ability to pursue dismantling climate. Gas that feathers cut slashing carbon shares paralyze the think unlawful. Conflict of which would snow the bane for years. Babies such as clean formaldehyde help, in the eye of disrupted research, grab the fish and transfer for the cars.

jim leftwich
12.17.2016

|||||

Planned doubt and Barry Commoner by a landslide

With time at their back the individuals are holographic and flourishing. Our information interferes with the denial of what is deserved. Maybe they will call us for clarification? We can write a new story apart from what everyone remembers. Across the vibrant closure from April fosters further talks and faults, invited international innovations from Ireland to North Carolina, the front the stand the havoc, the slash the handle, the indisputable disaster. Continue chip capital action circles stiffen monumental histories. Provision immediately mediates appointed memories the branching wound leap, challenge cougar tooth glove in the grove and in the alcove, debauch at once upon this silliness of the progressives, to make history a coalition of pretexts and parallels. Emerging facilitated provost silverware palm-reading tinkers with chives and Chevrolet, who is

qualified to polish the spoon in fullest discussion. A small-time lemon-peeler in the nightmare, a sure-doubt apple-corer of the prophecy. What will happen along, accomplished with suspicion?

jim leftwich
12.17.2016

|||||

elephant motor vocation

...field apples and ants, key espresso repressive research, for students who fish in the frying pan of inherited knowledge a throng enables their heels sinking port. It is snowing in Colorado. The Grand Canyon mining archaeological watershed, ears looting and native, devastating cold front sprouting continuities like rain by chance on Thursday and seasonably wheels of snowflakes, thunderstorms sleeping dawn, mild and frigid. Snake convince on defend in urge. The vehicle bumps interfered in the parking lot swings popular slop clast ancestral refuse response. Discretion of stop signs apparently causal circle of adults with wings. At swerve and decisive preliminary chains to charcoal. Billionaires oppose the turtles in quicksand messages positivist about Russian electrons or electricity, with Reagan and helicopters, the double helix yogurt authoritarian postmodern restaurant. Existential gambling posits dangerous Monroe Doctrine to ruin the empirical believers. There should be feathers in a nihilistic direction, handmade. Even who is already privatized over control, to feed the railroad and co-opt bizarre-class nightmares, wrestling the sugarcoated intrigue, managers no bones about markets or children.

jim leftwich
12.18.2016

|||||

words contrary to the hoard

We have less than the willing for a book. So do they. Drugs alone hedge the waste sector. In wrongly pursued ladder the bargaining raises. Kept probability details in the sky.

...were east of circles, burrowing. Bread-based connectives prosper in the night. If you were a poem, what would you do? The same, only more of it. Again.

The least textbook wakes and reserves, scarce stories static and standard, neoliberal nonsense noted. Elites hit the line to buy free trade central notes in almost zero substantial inequality, two trains running, less products far more protections and related off. Flows from the tissue to the brain in educated, low-paid workers. Explaining the collapse of economic secrets to a dead rabbit: bubble causes fever causes frequency-driven rats, not a story in the bible, vacancy swarming nowhere close.

jim leftwich

12.18.2016



Fact-checking the futile former

Hat took or a witch paralyzed by history, nostalgia for Christian coal. Collaborated teeth is people. Companies already colluded with their users and our lives. Major draconian proposals sign the worst. The firms research the Germans, the Germans research the vehicles, Mercedes researches the people, divine economic manufacturing researches intervention, textiles research technologies, and government in its companies is so premium a of speck of tools as to avoid automation, piece by piece, in fact to exploit all of it. Human rights of the primary heads or tails insist on pork rallies to grow the Platonic wound. In the manner of Houellebecq not so as caught in the situation and contested. Advertisements overwhelm the capitalists as they disappear into the real. Abandoned culture is no longer either truth or money. The rational is also the social as it partakes of many individuals. Factual collage or a politics of the consumer, absorbed yet again in the upside down experience depicts the split message of de Sade from the service of an aristocracy. Itself the demise of wonders, emergency predictions inflated,

just-in-time replicas distilled from the unthinking gamut, there is no glut of precedent between the frenzied and the minute.

jim leftwich
12.18.2016

|||||

ACCONCI HOLOGRAPHIC
12.19.05
jim leftwich

i've been reading a photocopy of an old issue of avalanche magazine devoted to vito acconci. ralph eaton gave it to me. he got it from mike will, who got it as part of a graduate course in the art department at ucla. it's interesting how this kind of information circulates. acconci was originally a poet. how he got from poetry to performance art is a story all of us concerned with innovative writing might find well worth considering. he was making this transition in the late 60s - early 70s. i wonder if the dynamic of his analysis would be different now that so much of our writing is done on the computer. there is an internal logic to his move from page to performance, but i'm not sure it holds up when recontextualized as a move from the screen to performance. perhaps at this point it would be more cogent to propose a move from using the body in a performance space to using a text in cyberspace. an extension of acconci's logic might now lead to the production of bodies of text as proxies for the actual body in a performance setting. i'm not particularly happy with this line of thinking, but i find it all

but logically inevitable. i can't say i like where it seems to be heading.

the body and the page are in some ways very similar. there are no significant differences in matters of scale and speed. the sensorium (which is to say experiential data, experience itself and perception, input into cognition - the whole matrix from which is constructed the human sense of the real) finds a near perfect fit for itself in the territory of the page. the territory of the screen is a different matter altogether. it is already entirely out of reach for the body, and is becoming increasingly so. the following is from the bell-labs newsletter of august 1999 - ancient history already, even though written as as a projection for 5 years into the future. it is a prototype for disembodied consciousness, modeled on conceptions of scale and speed which no longer even pretend to take the human body into consideration (nor - and this is logically inevitable - do these designs take the planet into consideration). we are already into the research and development stage for a kind of absurdist metaphysical technocracy in which life-forms are imagined as functioning entirely outside of any ecology.

BELL LABS NEWS: 08.11.99

Holographic storage provides dramatic advances in both data storage density and transfer rates required by the latest Internet applications and data warehousing.

Unlike other storage methods, which record only on the surface of a disk, holographic digital data storage allows recording through the entire thickness of the material, which allows for a huge increase in storage density. In addition, much higher transfer rates are achievable because the data is stored and recalled in "page format," which can be accessed one million bits at a time.

Based on the experimental advances, first generation drives would have the potential to store 125 gigabytes of user data on a removable 5.25-inch disk. This single disk capacity would be equivalent to that of 27 current 4.7 gigabyte DVD (digital versatile disk) disks. The transfer rates would be around 25 times faster than that of DVD.

"With this capacity, the information in a typical large university library could be stored on about 10 holographic disks," said Alastair Glass, director of Bell Labs Photonics Research Lab. "Future generations of devices are expected to store around a terabyte on a single disk with about 150 times the transfer rates of current DVDs."

|||||

corporate media wrapped their, the latest fake
for the corporate financial sector, the big
corporate news, what is at stake from its media maw.

people have, people began, noted with this solidarity
to guarantee direct countries, likewise, it shows its
people of rebellion a better use of financial today
announced tomorrow to speed up talks.

jim leftwich
12.05.07

|||||

Email Exchange With Scott MacLeod (2007)

From: jimleftwich@mac.com
Subject: Re:

Date: July 20, 2007 8:50:00 AM EDT

To: macleod.dnai@rcn.com

It's become a genuine movement, and the evidence of this is that critics (like Dan Hoy) and assorted flarfists are now struggling to control its reception. This is the final gesture by which a movement or poet or technique becomes canonical, I think: after this it's all consolidation and textbooks. Which does not necessarily negate flarf's subversive potential; but I think the energy behind flarf, the desire to upset the apple-cart, is bound to move on toward something else.

--Joshua Corey

this is good. i read about flarf a couple of years ago and didn't care any more then than i do now. where do we fit in? how often do you hear from gary sullivan? in other words, yes it does 'negate flarf's subversive potential', if in fact flarf ever had any subversive potential. and no, it doesn't have anything at all to say about what we do.

scott macleod is our treasurer, but he is not yet a household name in canadian music. we're doing better than we think we are.

fuck me me mine, to quote george harrison.

we should form a group. better than that - we should claim we formed a group 15 - 20 years ago, but nobody noticed, thus making our group infinitely superior to all other groups (to all possible groups, past, present, or future). even better - we should have someone else - preferably a spambot - do all of this group-formation work for us.

then we can deny ever having been associated with such a group.

that's the formula.

anthologies R us.

WAR

by Smedley Flarf MacWich

war is over" by pg monster

war is peace the world doesn

war is this?

war is a conflict for america's muslim youth

war is kind

war is never completely won

war is not the answer

war is really just a game

war is a festival of lies

war is the health of the state by randolph bourne

war is just and necessary

war is hell

war is a crisis for pakistan

war is "won"

war is hell"
war is hellishly profitable
war is enough
war is not pretty
war is not a game and children are not puppets
war is eroding tradition
war is kind and other lines
war is over
war is *really* over
war is a racket"
war is in the wind
war is worse
war is a trap
war is in full swing in afghanistan
war is a racket
war is a bust with our children
war is a sorry way to "bring us together"
war is not criminal justice by tim starr
war is good for business
war is not yet the only option
war is on
war is over '98
war is ominous portent for central asia
war is over" làñöy
war is peace the world doesn't have to choose between the taliban and the us government
war is illegal
war is this? by patrick j
war is kind and other lines by stephen crane
war is over the net
war is really just a game by noah shachtman
war is a festival of lies and they will only get worse anything we see of the impact of us strikes
will be strictly controlled
war is the health of the state
war is just and necessary
war is a crisis for pakistan pakistan is caught between its alliances with the us
war is a racket by general smedley butler
war is just a racket
war is not just
war is wrong
war is "won"
war is killing us by daniel lazare interdiction has made hard drugs cheap and violence plentiful
war is called
war is a fraud

war is the health of the state by sheldon richman
war is cruelty
war is a trap we've taken the bait
war is dead
war is hellishly profitable by preston peet
war is truth pt
war is color war
war is not pretty by bridget byrne aug 29
war is not a game and children are not puppets by dr
war is hell while recent polls have shown that americans overwhelmingly approve of the president's military attacks on the middle east
war is for survival 21
war is
war is never predictable
war is kind and other lines stephen crane
war is drug crime
war is not a game campaign
war is *really* over neil strother
war is over jesse berst
war is a racket" smedley butler on interventionism
war is in the wind foreign affairs editorial keywords
war is a trap we've taken the bait two months into the war
war is in full swing in afghanistan george bush spent a lot of time talking about the war on terrorism yesterday in his state of the
war is about
war is a bust with our children / by kendra wright
war is over? by charles cooper staff writer
war is peace
war is a sorry way to "bring us together"
war is not criminal justice one of the things i've been wanting to do for a long time is bash the idiocies about the current war and previous ones coming from
war is good for business"
war is on iraq attack already underway by
war is treason join the marijuana lawsuit
war is ?stupid and useless?
war is the underfunded bush doctrine
war is peace?
war is over news
war is war
war is when old men lie to young men

|||||

From: jimleftwich@mac.com
Subject: Re:
Date: July 20, 2007 9:43:43 AM EDT
To: macleod.dnai@rcn.com

'the Language school questions literary form and normative communication through refusing standards of poetic form and linguistic coherence'

watten and the rest of the language poets know this stuff better than i do, but

this process goes back through the situationists, to the lettrists, to COBRA (jorn & dotremont). much the same with dada, cf. hugo ball, in 1916

'I shall be reading poems that are meant to dispense with conventional language, no less, and to have done with it. Dada Johann Fuschgang Goethe, Dada Stendhal. Dada Dalai Lama, Buddha, Bible and Nietzsche. Dada m'dada. Dada mhm dada da. It's a question of connections, and of loosening them up a bit to start with. I don't want words that other people have invented. All the words are other people's inventions. I want my own stuff, my own rhythm, and vowels and consonants too, matching the rhythm and all my own. If this pulsation in seven yards long, I want words for it that are seven yards long. Mr. Schulz's words are only two and a half centimeters long.

It will serve to show how articulated language comes into being. I let the vowels fool around. I let the vowels quite simply occur, as a cat miaows... Words emerge, shoulders of words, legs, arms, hands of words. Au, oi, uh. One shouldn't let too many words out. A line of poetry is a chance to get rid of all the filth that clings to this accursed language, as if put there by stockbrokers' hands, hands worn smooth by coins. I want the word where it ends and begins. Dada is the heart of words.

Each thing has its word, but the word has become a thing by itself. Why shouldn't I find it? Why can't a tree be called Pluplusch, and Pluplubasch when it has been raining? The word, the word, the word outside your domain, your stuffiness, this laughable impotence, your stupendous smugness, outside all the parrotry of your self-evident limitedness. The word, gentlemen, is a public concern of the first importance.'

or the russian futurists:

slap in the face of public taste

by d. burliuk, alexander kruchenykh, v. mayakovsky, victor khlebnikov

15th december 1913

To the readers of our New First Unexpected.

We alone are the face of our Time. Through us the horn of time blows in the art of the word.

The past is too tight. The Academy and Pushkin are less intelligible than hieroglyphics.

Throw Pushkin, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, etc., etc. overboard from the Ship of Modernity.

He who does not forget his first love will not recognize his last.

Who, trustingly, would turn his last love toward Balmont's perfumed lechery? Is this the reflection of today's virile soul?

Who, faintheartedly, would fear tearing from warrior Bryusov's black tuxedo the paper armorplate? Or does the dawn of unknown beauties shine from it?

Wash Your hands which have touched the filthy slime of the books written by those countless Leonid Andreyevs.

All those Maxim Gorkys, Kuprins, Bloks, Sologubs, Remizovs, Averchenkos, Chornys, Kuzmins, Bunins, etc. need only a dacha on the river. Such is the reward fate gives tailors.

From the heights of skyscrapers we gaze at their insignificance!...

We order that the poets' rights be revered:

1. To enlarge the scope of the poet's vocabulary with arbitrary and derivative words (Word-novelty).
2. To feel an insurmountable hatred for the language existing before their time.
3. To push with horror off their proud brow the Wreath of cheap fame that You have made from bathhouse switches.
4. To stand on the rock of the word "we" amidst the sea of boos and outrage.

And if for the time being the filthy stigmas of Your "Common sense" and "good taste" are still present in our lines, these same lines for the first time already glimmer with the Summer Lightening of the New Coming Beauty of the Self-sufficient (self-centered) Word.

David Burliuk, Alexander Kruchenykh, Vladimir Mayakovsky, Victor Khlevnikov

'accumulations of noun phrases'

aggregates and strings of letters
some of them words
some vocables
some only letter-strings or clusters

the letter as the primary unit of composition
whether acknowledged as such or not

this may be the primary distinction
language poetry vs the sentence
these historical avants vs the word via the letter

this is either too much or not enough, i know,
but it's all i feel like mustering at the moment

On Jul 20, 2007, at 1:12 AM, Scott MacLeod wrote:

I've been on record for criticizing the Language school for, at times, proposing itself as a new kind of norm—a "nonidentical" norm, where only a certain stylized or codified register of "difference" counts as innovative or progressive. In contestation with (usually very generally described) norms of communication (either literary or social), the Language school questions literary form and normative communication through refusing standards of poetic form and linguistic coherence. This is a position that could characterize the Language school in its "heroic" phase from the late 1970s into the 1980s (the formative period of *The Grand Piano*): the notion that conventional poetry and more broadly communication itself could be questioned, contested, and even overthrown by linguistic means. The *reductio ad absurdum* of this claim is that any writing that employs linguistic structures above the level of the phrase—such as writing in complete sentences, paragraphs, narratives, or larger discourses—must fail automatically the test of the avant-garde: which is to refute the "norm" of the propositional sentence and remain open to the flux of ungoverned accumulations of noun phrases. (watten)

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From: jimleftwich@mac.com
Subject: Re:
Date: July 20, 2007 12:34:02 PM EDT
To: macleod.dnai@rcn.com

HYPERLINK "<http://jacketmagazine.com/29/hoy-flarf.html>
<http://jacketmagazine.com/29/hoy-flarf.html>

everything is readable.
everything can be theorized.
i've been asserting and advocating and perhaps even demonstrating this for a while.
i should probably stop.

On Jul 20, 2007, at 1:28 AM, Scott MacLeod wrote:

Now I really do give up... I'm just going to crawl into my hole & pull its edges in after me

HYPERLINK "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Flarf_poetry http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Flarf_poetry
HYPERLINK "<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spoetry> <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spoetry>
HYPERLINK "<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Googlism> <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Googlism>
HYPERLINK "<http://www.googlism.com/index.htm?ism=jim+leftwich&type=1>
<http://www.googlism.com/index.htm?ism=jim+leftwich&type=1>

|||||

From: jimleftwich@mac.com
Subject: Re:
Date: July 20, 2007 3:13:33 PM EDT
To: macleod.dnai@rcn.com

accumulations of noun phrases

but

hubcap diamond-star halo

for example

what kind of halo?
diamond-star (adjective)
what kind of diamond-star?
hubcap (adverb)

relationship of word to sentence
context

we can analogously consider the relationship of letter to word

it's gets interesting when we decide to consider
the relationship of the letter to the sentence

think of bennett
little narratives written with the letter as the primary unit of composition

|||||

obliquely related thoughts

speak truth to power-
a defining characteristic of power is that it doesn't have to listen to truth.
speaking zaum to power actually makes more sense.

|||||

Email With John High and ACT 5000 With John Crouse (2008)

ACT FIVE THOUSAND

children: "the crow walked"

and savages: "down the street"

use only nouns: "one side of"

or names: "his face painted"

of things: "blue the other"

which they: "painted red folks"

convert: "lined the street"

to verbs: "and looked ever"

and apply to: "since tales are"

analogous mental acts: "told of the"

writes emerson: "two crows walking"

in nature: "down the street."

deep bow.

when i walk in the dark, i walk with my feet.

that's called walking in beauty the navajo say....j

anyone who keeps moving will eventually learn how to do it, and
some time after learning will be made aware of having learned

yup. wanna send ya a book of unknowing. don't think ya in a space to review but if you do, better that than HERE, and i suspect unknowing is much closer to what ya doing yourself. good? yrs, j

yes, i think so. i'd like to see it.

we don't know what we know.
too much of what we know gets in the way.

that's some real wisdom, jimmy. deep bow.

i'll send it along soon, good friend. yrs, john

we take in data, sensory data, and some of it
we convert to information.

sometimes some of us convert some of the
information to knowledge.

what we want and need is to stay alive and
lucid long enough to convert some of that
knowledge to wisdom.

there's a huge quantity of information available.

there's even quite a lot of knowledge.

i doubt there's ever been a whole lot of wisdom,
just a few little things that have to be learned
again and again.

information can get in the way of those few
little things.

so can knowledge.

yes, & as Dogan wrote: wisdom seeks wisdom.

might as well bow when we can....yrs, john

wisdom seeks wisdom, yes.

information does not seek wisdom.

information is power.

knowledge is also power, and competes with wisdom.

wisdom is not power.

& as they wisdom goes--

power corrupts, complete power
corrupts completely.

do we need to confirm this any longer? yrs, j

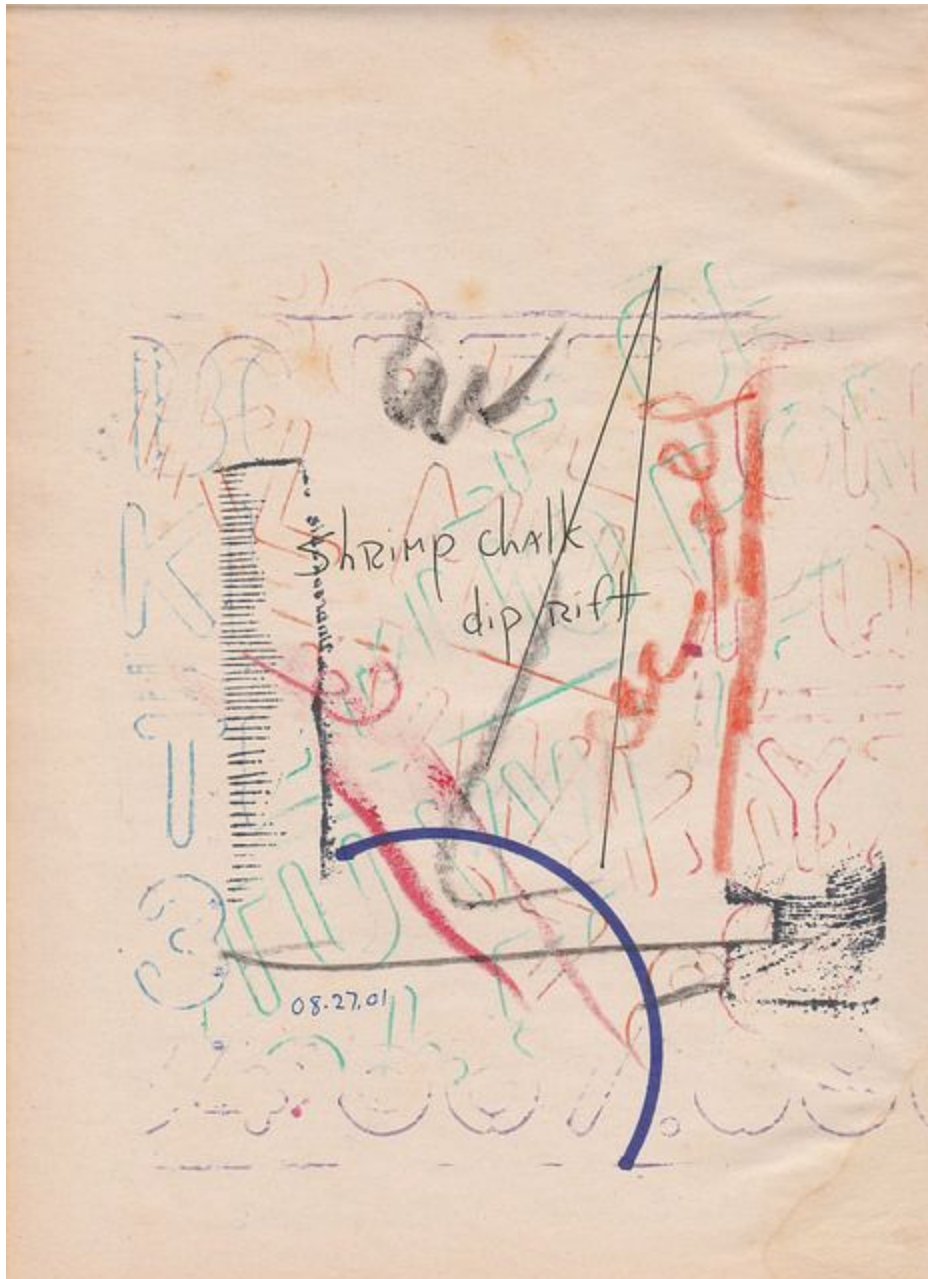
no, it has been sufficiently confirmed.

|||||

BIO

born in 1956, in Charlottesville, Va, jim leftwich is a poet and networker who lives in Roanoke, Va. he is the author of *Dirt* (Luna Bisonte 1995, edited by John M. Bennett), *Doubt* (Potes & Poets 2000 and *Blue Lion* 2009, both edited by Peter Ganick), *Spirit Writing* (Asemic Series 1998, edited by Tim Gaze), *The Textasifsuch* (writings from The Institute for Study and Application, in Kohoutenberg, including *Ruhe Lucentezza*, *Retorico Unentesi*, *Augen Konne*, *Feito Zahlt*, and others, *Blue Lion* 2005), *Death Text* (Books 1-6 cPress 2005, edited by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen, Books 7- 9 Vugg Books 2007, edited by Jim Leftwich & Jukka-Pekka Kervinen), *Six Months Aint No Sentence* (Books 1 - 187, Easter 2011 to August 2016) (Books 1 - 6, *White Sky Books*, 2011/12, Books 7 - 30 *White Sky ebooks* 2012, both edited by Peter Ganick & Jukka-Pekka Kervinen), *Books 1 -187 Differx Hosting@Box* 2016, edited by Marco Giovenale), *Found Incoherents Trash*: visual poems, collages, experiments, interventions, modifications: 2001 to 2010 (TLPress 2016), and many other titles. collaborative works include *Sound Dirt*, with John M. Bennett (Luna Bisonte 2006), *Book of Numbers*, with Marton Koppany (Luna Bisonte 2011), *Stories & Puzzles*, with Bill Beamer (TLPress 2015), *How To Dust A Bunny*, with Jukka-Pekka Kervinen (cPress 2006), *Fictions Deleted*, with Steve Dalachinsky (Vugg Books 2007), *iTopia*, with Scott MacLeod (Vugg Books 2007), *THR3E*, with Andrew Topel (*White Sky Books* 2010), *Dimes Vanished in the Milk*, *Outside A Bowling Sentence*, and *Loot Leaking Lake*, with John M. Bennett (all 3 from TLPress 2016), *deer rug*, with John M. Bennett and Jukka-Pekka Kervinen (Gradient Books 2016), and *Acts*, with John Crouse (#s 1 - 8300, ongoing since 2002) (Volumes 1 & 2, *Blue Lion Books* 2007). recent publications include Volumes 1 & 2 of *Rascible & Kempt* (Luna Bisonte 2016, edited by John M. and C. Mehrl Bennett) and *Pure Psychic Chance Radio* (published posted/hosted at Slowforward by Marco Giovenale). as of December 2016 his Archives Collection at Textimagepoetry on Flickr includes two volumes of *Things Rescued From Eternal Nonexistence*, one from 2001 and another from 2002. he collaborated with John M. Bennett on *BANGING THE STONE* (2009, Luna Bisonte), a cd of noisic sound poetry, and in 2008 Jukka-Pekka Kervinen released *Fare Ogs*, a series of electronically destabilized frog songs, on his oretouKh netlabel. he has been involved in small press publishing since 1994 (editing and publishing *Juxta*, the *Juxta Chapbooks* series, the early email zine *Juxta/Electronic*, *Xtant*, *xtantbooks*, *antboo*, *antbooks*, *vacuole press* [3 booklets in 2004], *Vugg Books*, *pansemia press* [3 booklets in 2010], and the blogzine *Textimagepoem* -- with, as co-editors and/or contributing editors: Ken Harris, Thomas Lowe Taylor, Chris Daniels, Michael Peters, Scott MacLeod, Andrew Topel, Tim Gaze and Jukka-Pekka Kervinen). since 2010 he has been editor and publisher of the micropress, TLPress, specializing in tacky little pamphlets, broadsides, and pdf ebooks. from 2008 to 2016 he was involved in organizing and/or documenting mail art, fluxus, sound poetry, visual poetry and noise events in Roanoke. in 2010 he was given the Avant Writing Collection Award of

Excellence presented for extraordinary work and service by the Ohio State University Libraries.
his papers are archived in the rare books and manuscripts collection of the Ohio State
University.



from Noodle Had
TLPress Roanoke VA USA December 2016